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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: :: Editor

To all our readers we wish a Merry Christmas

BONDS ON ELUSIVE ASSETS

IN the experience of bondholders of the West Coast Gas Company, which has plants at Huntington Beach, Artesia, Newport, Bellflower, Downey and Norwalk, there should be a lesson for those optimistic individuals who propose to tap the earth and have it give forth light. About the only tangible holding of the West Coast Gas Company seems to have been a pocket or two of natural gas, yet upon this asset it succeeded in disposing of \$100,000 of first mortgage, 6 per cent bonds, the sale being made under approval of the state railroad commission about three years ago. As is true of most gases, this natural elastic fluid of the West Coast company proved decidedly elusive. It was contained in a few pockets and was soon exhausted. The interest on the bonds was defaulted and now the entire property of the company is to be sold in this city next Monday under the terms of a trust deed for the benefit of the bondholders. The concern had expected to derive a supply of its merchandise from a ranch owned by Mr. R. E. Sackett, of Bellflower, its president, but it turns out that Sackett's property is merely agricultural land. Will the lesson be heeded by prospective bondholders of natural gas concerns in this vicinity?

ILLINOIS GROOMING SHERMAN

WATCH Illinois! Having succeeded in anchoring the Republican National Convention at Chicago, the sucker state is now engaged in grooming its favorite son, United States Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman, who has been in public life for nearly twenty years. He first came into prominence as speaker of the state legislature in 1899, which office he held until 1903, when as lieutenant-governor of the state he transferred his legislative activities to the senate. Elected in 1913 to fill the vacancy caused by the rejection of "Billy" Lorimer, he was re-elected in 1915 for the term expiring March 31, 1921. In 1913, when translated to Washington, Senator Sherman was president of the state board of administration in control of all public charities of Illinois. This is a bare outline of the political career of Illinois' candidate for President who was born in Ohio November 8, 1858. Already, the Sherman campaign has begun to take form. It is settled that Mr. William J. Calhoun, minister to China under President Taft and Illinois manager of President McKinley's campaign, is to present the name of Lawrence Y. Sherman to the Republican national convention next June, when, it is hoped, Mr. Calhoun will disclose to an avid public what the "Y" stands for in the Sherman baptismal alignment. It is expected and predicted that Illinois will "break loose for Sherman" now that Chicago has secured the convention plum. Visions of a duplication of the wigwam days of 1860 when Lincoln was nominated at Chicago are seen by Sherman enthusiasts who point to the fact that their candidate also hails from Springfield. Wherever 1860 delegates who voted for Lincoln can be found they are to be seized upon and sent to the 1916 convention instructed for Sherman. It is a bit flamboyant, but why carp at so innocent a dodge to infuse the convention with enthusiasm for Lawrence Y? Of course, there will be other favorite sons, also in the hands of their state delegations, but Illinois has the best opportunity to stampede the convention because of her propinquity. However, a nomination is not necessarily an election

in these Wilsonian days. Senator Sherman will still have to convince the country that he can measure up to the fine standards set by the Man in Possession.

"CANNING" THE CONSULATES

WHAT a disappointing sequence, if after the sharp and positive second note to Austria on the Ancona sinking, reiterating the attitude of the United States and pointing out the only satisfactory course of the Vienna government, the Danube monarchy should "knuckle under" and meet all the requirements. We say "disappointing" because it is our firm belief that the state department deliberately planned to eject the Austrian embassy by automatic process and with it the collateral branches throughout the country which have become centers of conspiracy against our laws. Perhaps, even, it was hoped that with the clearing out of the Austrian conspirators their natural allies, in high dudgeon and in sympathetic movement, would also retire from the field. It would have simplified matters materially, for if underground reports from Washington are to be credited—and we get them from inside sources—the discoveries made by the government's secret service men have disclosed so amazing a disregard of our laws, involving so many of the consular officials of both the Teutonic powers, that the President and his advisors have been astounded. What has come to the surface is but a tithe of the conspiracies unearthed by the secret service department whose agents have been assiduously pursuing trails for the last six months. Not only San Francisco on this coast, but Seattle and Portland are said to have had local conspirators at work in defiance of United States statutes. Here in Los Angeles a United States secret service man is reputed to have found the spy system in active operation and his report, we have reason to believe, will reveal a curious situation if it is ever made public. In the event of severance of diplomatic relations with Austria and, through sympathetic sequence, with Germany, a great clarification of the discharged political atmosphere would ensue, with the enforced retirement from these shores of the foreign representatives who have so abused the hospitalities of the nation. This automatic wholesale "canning" of the consulates is, it is believed, the aim of the state department, sanctioned by the President. In view of what is known and of what is hinted at, but not revealed, it is, perhaps, the best thing that could happen to the country.

ARMOR PLATE FACTORY AN ESSENTIAL

SENATOR TILLMAN is noted for his verbal picturesqueness. He is not regarded as a safe leader because of his erratic disposition, but when he gets hold of a great truth he is a veritable Titan in its expounding. Recently, he introduced a bill for the appropriation of \$11,000,000 to erect a government factory for the manufacture of armor plate and other material for the United States navy. In calling up the measure Mr. Tillman made a speech that exploded like shrapnel, bursting in every direction. After premising that the question of preparedness now so universally discussed is one requiring grave consideration and prompt action he referred to the great variety of advice proffered, much of it not only unwise but unthinkable of adoption, except by "wild men from Borneo." Mr. Bryan, the evangel of "peace at any price," he regards as obsessed on the subject and without his usual poise. Ex-President Roosevelt on the other hand, who "snorts and roars like a veritable bull of Bashan, poses as the god of war and clamors for a very large standing army." The senator admits that we need to train more officers, but that might be done by enlarging the national military academy. The Graphic would like to see a sub-academy established at Chicago and still another on the Pacific Coast, preferably in Southern California since San Francisco has the Presidio. In that way, we could treble our supply of officers and in the vicinity of these branch academies high school students would imbibe a spirit of emulation that would be invaluable in the making of embryo officers. But it was the need of an adequate navy that occupied Senator Tillman's thoughts and in arguing for the prompt passage of his bill he properly called attention to the armor trust that has had the country in its grasp for the last twenty years. Every student of public affairs

will applaud the senior senator from South Carolina for his efforts to circumvent the insidious dealings of the steel plate trust now metaphorically rubbing its glaived hands in unctuous anticipation of the coming feast. If the program of preparedness is carried out, which does not include the erection of a government factory, the same holdup tactics so successfully plied for two decades will inevitably continue. Ever since 1896 Senator Tillman has sought to have congress authorize the building of a government armor plate factory, but the opposition of the trust has been too strong. Now would appear to be the psychological time to return to the attack. The bill should be pressed through, for with the utmost energy and industry displayed it will take not less than a year to construct and equip a factory of twenty thousand tons' capacity and place it in running order. It will be interesting to watch the disposition of Senator Tillman's bill and the attitude of mind of those opposing it.

MAKING A LOCAL APPLICATION

PAYING political debts at the expense of the public service is never good politics. When President Wilson invited Mr. Bryan to take the state portfolio his friends groaned within, the misfit was so self-evident, and this is said without prejudice, for we hold Mr. Bryan in high regard. But Mr. Wilson has a fine sense of obligation and after the great work of Bryan at Baltimore he could do no less than offer to the man who made his nomination possible the chief seat in his cabinet. Perhaps, he cherished a hope it would be declined, but at anyrate he paid what he considered was a debt of gratitude. In process of time Mr. Bryan realized his temperamental unfitness as well as his woeful unfamiliarity with the duties of the office and he had the good sense to resign in a graceful manner and without embarrassment to his chief. This, by way of prefatory remark on the local situation in which as unfortunate a blunder is about to be perpetrated by Mayor Sebastian and with a like motive. Fancying himself under an obligation to a former mayor of Los Angeles, who aided him in his campaign, he now contemplates the appointment of his political supporter to the board of public works, in lieu of Captain H. Z. Osborne, a man of fine mental attainments, an earnest student of municipal affairs and whose long residence in this city renders him peculiarly qualified to fill the position in which he has given so good an accounting. Surely, Mayor Sebastian must dislike to forego this valuable asset of his administration, to say nothing of the blow to the public service! We hope he will not insist on paying his political debts in so unwise a manner; the loss to him as well as to the municipality is too great. Nor can we believe that the city council will acquiesce with complacency in so poor a program, even though it should be entirely satisfactory to two or three of the members on trading purposes bent. The paramount duty is to the public welfare. Will it be enhanced by the contemplated change? In view of past performances and past records of the two men there can be no honest difference of opinion on this score.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS' UNREQUITED WORK

ANOTHER great loss to England and to literature is chronicled in the death at Deal of Stephen Phillips whose "Armageddon," a modern epic-drama, was one of the notable publications of the current year. Mr. Braithwaite finds "a touch of the Greek motive and the Greek method in this work...The atrocities of the Germans form the basis of an argument which deals with the moral right to avenge them." The epic is in a prologue series of scenes and the epilogue, partly in prose and partly in verse. In the latter is a scene in hell, where Attila is found reporting his ravages to Satan. Mr. Braithwaite thinks the poet comes nearer the power of his "Herod" and "Paolo and Francesca" days in this epic drama than in anything he has produced since their advent. For all that Stephen Phillips has contributed to the poetic drama he has realized little in financial returns. He is said to have been in dire straits of late and being of an utterly impractical turn of mind could with difficulty maintain a roof over his family. What a commentary on the times and manners of a twentieth century that pays so little attention to her men of genius! His country and the literary world at large owe him much for the

poetic qualities of his "Paolo and Francesca" as well as for its dramatic values. The two love scenes of the play are accounted among the most beautiful of their kind in all contemporary drama. Then, too, he had a fine sense of stage requirements unusual in one of poetic tendencies. That, however, is properly attributed to his stage experiences with the veteran Shakespearean actor-manager, Benson, of whose company the poet was for a time a member. His dramatic instinct is notably evident in "Herod" and in the "Sin of David," both of which plays were readily adaptable to stage productions. Too bad that the genius of Stephen Phillips should be so ill-requited! In his forty-eighth year to die a pauper, after giving so much that is splendid to the English poetic drama is tragedy, nothing less.



INSTEAD of reverting to the literary past for material for a "browsing," in the living present is the subject found this week for comment and Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite, the connoisseur of American magazine poetry, furnishes the material. His annual review is awaited with deep interest ever since he began the self-imposed task fifteen years ago, for the Boston critic has shown himself to have rare discernment and a fine sense of poetic values. Three years ago he issued his first Year Book of American Poetry, which publication has grown appreciably in the two years intervening until now the Anthology for 1915 is an imposing volume of 296 pages. Prefacing his entertaining compilation with an Introduction on the "eternal fragility of poetry" Mr. Braithwaite finds the mood of April analogous to the spirit of poesy, each opening the vistas of an infinite and eternal conviction of life. He makes this nice distinction, that whereas the progress of science has always been its discoveries, the progress of poetry has ever been its prophecy. He confesses that in his hasty satisfaction over the appreciation of poetry by a greater number of people today than was true ten or fifteen years ago, he was guilty of calling this extended interest the admiration for a new art. He begs to amend.

Poetry, he argues, never was old, it could never be new. It could never be set free because it was never in bondage; which is eminently true. Crabbe, Wordsworth, Shelley and Coleridge did not create a new poetry, he points out; they created a new meaning, a new interpretation of truth. He notes that with the new interest in poetry there is a growing controversial feeling, chiefly among the poets themselves and their critics, about the kinds of poetry. Observes Mr. Braithwaite: "It is forgotten that kinds of poetry can only mean one thing, that is, the particular forms in which poets are best able to succeed in revealing moods and conveying ideas. It has everything to do with expression and nothing whatever with substance." He deprecates the tendency of American writers, who are often poets, to do injustice to their contemporaries, in this way belittling their own efforts. He has detected Miss Zoe Atkins making the statement that we have no great or first-class poet in America today. Yet she characterizes Witter Bynner's poem "The Cardinal's Garden, Villa Albani" as being as great as anything Browning achieved in any of his dramatic monologues, and Miss Amy Lowell's poem "The Castle," she calls the "most notable piece of narrative verse by any living poet." Mr. Braithwaite's implied exception is well taken.

It is inevitable that not everyone will agree with his conclusions. Thus we find his award to Amy Lowell's "Patterns" as one of the five "best" poems of the year—not the "greatest poem" as his critic "Yorick" in the San Diego Union mistakenly avers—violently combated by the San Diego pundit, who scoffs at the poem, ruthlessly parodies it and finally denounces it as shameless. I cannot coincide with "Yorick's" views. The poem, however, should be read in its entirety to be properly appreciated and when that is done the beauty of the concept will be more apparent. The excerpts quoted by Yorick hardly do Miss Lowell justice. This divergence from a consideration of the Anthology is justified by reason of the fact that newspaper writers the country over, who have had opportunity to review Mr. Braithwaite's review, are now estimating the value of his labor of love. Personally, I find it both sympathetic and discriminating—a rare combination—while the value of such a work, collatively considered, can scarcely be overestimated. But for Mr. Braithwaite's industry lovers of poetry would lose much. It is obvious that only a few of the many fine poems he has brought together in his Year Book would be seen by the casual reader of the magazines and high class weeklies. To produce his Anthology the editor has made close examination of more than twenty-five publications, including monthlies, quarterlies, weeklies, and daily newspapers. Including the poems taken from the latter there are indexed in his alphabetical list five hundred and thirty poets and about fifteen hundred poems. The sources from which the best poems are selected are indicated in the text of the Anthology.

Mr. Braithwaite's current Year Book traverses the publications from October 1914 to September 1915, instead of from January to December as heretofore. This change enables him to make his records more

complete and to advance the publication of the volume to mid-autumn. Of seven hundred and seventy-two poems he examined in the thirteen magazines of which he had a complete summary he found three hundred and ten to be poems of distinction, certainly a high percentage. In addition to the poems that are included in the Anthology, the painstaking editor has compiled an index of poets and poems published in American magazines (weeklies and monthlies) and given a critical review of the best poetry of 1915 appearing in collected form—no slight task—and, so far as I can judge, after a cursory reading, with great credit to his critical powers and with well-considered appreciation of the efforts of the poets. Then, too, there is given a list of articles and reviews that deal with the subject of poets and poetry in American publications, which while not complete, is extensive enough to provide a valuable working source of references for any who wish to make a critical study of contemporary poetry—either in this country or in Europe. No library of any pretension and certainly no lover of poetry can afford to overlook Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology which is published by Gomme & Marshall of New York. It is a well-made book, but the proofreading is not impeccable. That Lizette Woodworth Reese should appear as "Resse" is to grieve.

So far as The Graphic is concerned it has fared well at Mr. Braithwaite's hands, the many citations in his Anthology proving that this publication has not been slighted in his yearly reading. It will be of interest to our readers to set forth here in alphabetical sequence, first, the poems appearing in The Graphic from October to September 1914-15 and, in addition, the editorials and special articles on poets and poetry that I have printed in the like period. Of the latter, in his Introduction Mr. Braithwaite has this to say: "A notable fact about the interest in poetry during the year is the increase of critical writing about contemporary poets and poetry. There is considerably more space given to the reviews of new books of verse, and writers like Louis Untermeyer in the Chicago Evening Post and Eunice Tietjens in the Los Angeles Graphic have produced criticism of a brilliant and permanent character." Mrs. Tietjens is now in China, but the poetry department she so ably conducted in The Graphic is continued by Mrs. Marguerite O. B. Wilkinson, herself a poet of merit and a forceful and observant writer. One of Mrs. Tietjens' poems "The Bacchante to Her Babe" is included in the Anthology and a poem by Cyril Bretherton, "At Point Pinos," which appeared originally in The Graphic of February 20, 1915, is starred by Mr. Braithwaite as one of the poems of distinction of the year. Appended is The Graphic list of poems cited in the Year Book, alphabetically arranged by authors:

ABEY, Stanley G., "Nursery Versery," January 16.
ALGOL, "Gourmandesque," November 21, 1914; "To the Men of My Country," November 21, 1914.
ANDERSON, W. H., "At the Golden Gate: Morning, Evening," May 29; "Sympathy," May 8; "Words," February 20.
ANONYMOUS, "Inspiration (To R.)," May 22.
B. R., "Saving the Union," November 14, 1914.
BACON, Virginia Cleaver, "Revelation," December 26, 1914; "The Mermale," May 8.
BARRINGTON, Pauline B., "The Hand of God," January 9; "To a Dancer," June 26.
BARTLETT, Randolph, "Builders of a World," March 13.
BRETHERTON, Cyril H., "At Point Pinos," February 20.
COOLE, Ralph, "Cry of the Mothers," January 9; "El Camino Real (The King's Highway)," November 21, 1914; "Riding at Night," November 14, 1914.
DALEY, Edith, "Con Sordini (With Muted Strings)," May 29; "In an Orange Grove," March 20.
DARLOW, Gertrude, "Reflections," October 31, 1914; "Words," January 9.
E. A. G., "To Tom Daly, After Reading a Book of His Verse," July 31.
FIELD, Ben, "California," November 21, 1914.
ISAACSON, F., "From the Bookshop Door," December 26, 1914.
JOYCE, W. H., "The War Spirit," January 16.
KNIBBS, Henry Herbert, "Apuni Ayis," January 9.
M., "My Secret, (To R.)," October 3, 1914.
MACDONNELL, J. S., "Peace Hath Her Horrors," November 28, 1914.
MCGAFFEY, Ernest, "My Lost Love," May 8; "Street Etchings (Quintine)," June 12; "The Sandwich Man," May 29.
MEIERS, Charles P., "Master of the Sea," January 9.
OLIVER, Katherine Elspeth, "The Conqueror," December 26, 1914.
PATTERSON, Winneta, "Going Home at Night," May 8.
VAN WYCK, William, "Jester to His Bubble," "Juniper Serra," "Sniggle Fritz," May 29; "Song of the War Spirit in Man's Soul," May 8.
VERNON, Lue F., "After the Storm," February 27.
WILKINSON, Marguerite, "Old Glory," December 12, 1914; "Springtime in a San Diego Canyon," June 26.
ZAMACOIS, Miguel, (trans. by William Van Wyck), "Ballad of the Boy Who Was Seven," June 26.

Of the editorials and special articles and critiques on poets and poetry are listed:

"Frost, Thoughts on Robert," by Eunice Tietjens, August 28.
"Imagists of To-day and Notes on Poetry," by Eunice Tietjens, July 31.
"Irish Poets and Fairies," by Eunice Tietjens, September 11.
"Life and Edgar Lee Masters," by Eunice Tietjens, July 3.
"Magazine Poetry on the Upgrade," December 26, 1914.
"Passing of Poetic License," by Eunice Tietjens, August 28.
"Poet Laureate; Ina Coolbrith," July 10.
"Poet Laureate for America," October 19, 1914.
"Poets, With the Modern," by Eunice Tietjens, June 19.
"Poets, With the Modern (Study of Arthur Davison Ficke)," by Eunice Tietjens, August 14.
"Real Down-to-Date Poetry," June 26.

It will interest her kinsfolk and friends in Los Angeles to learn that Mr. Braithwaite sees in Ruth Comfort Mitchell's (Mrs. Samuel Young) poetry evidences of extraordinary visual and imaginative powers. He adds: "I believe that her work was definitively introduced to an appreciative public through the remarkable poem called the 'Sin Eater,' which I included in the Anthology for 1913. She is destined to go very far, for there is an original quality in her work that has all the marks of genius." With this view I unqualifiedly agree and have taken pains to express myself to that effect on several different occasions. Mr. Braithwaite includes two of her poems in his Year Book, "The Vinegar Man," which first appeared in the Smart Set, and "The Night Court," that strong arraignment

of society first printed in the Century magazine. It will interest Mr. Braithwaite and his many admirers to know that Mrs. Young has a volume of her poetry in preparation, to which her talented husband will add illustrations. S. T. C.

SENATOR SMOOT AND "MORMON BAITING"

By Leroy Armstrong

CERTAIN Pasadena women with the best of intentions have addressed letters to various members of congress requesting the adoption of a constitutional amendment forbidding the practice of polygamy, on pain of serious punishment; and a re-opening of the Smoot case, for the purpose of ejecting the senior Utah senator from a seat which he has occupied for one full term, and nearly half of the second. The effort is aimed rather broadly, and quite as frankly, at the Mormons of Utah. The reason assigned for the expulsion of Senator Smoot is that he is an apostle in the Mormon church, and that such relation renders hopeless the campaign of any aspirant to succeed him. And the Mormon church is declared ineligible as an elector of United States senators because it is interested in the beet sugar factories of the intermountain country.

So far as the constitutional amendment is concerned, I don't suppose any Mormon would object, were polygamy attacked on moral grounds, and not on geographical; if all men instead of Mormons alone were forbidden to take more than one woman to wife—temporarily or otherwise; if the proposed constitutional amendment would prevent adultery as well as polygamy. Of course, such a measure need give no pause to any one in Pasadena; but there are parts of the country where gentlemen who provide better apartments for their light-o'-loves than they do for their wives, would be greatly embarrassed by its operation.

Or is it the intention of these periodical proponents of anti-polygamy amendments to operate only against Mormons? Is their law to have—in resemblance to the Mann Act—a dual interpretation, effective against Mormons, but a dead letter against every other violator of the Christian marriage vow? For whatever success the Mann Act may have had in discouraging the white slave traffic, we all know the powerful influences that opposed it when invoked in cases other than "commercial." In common fairness, if we non-Mormons are going to restrict certain men to one wife at a time, we should include all men in the limitation. The fact that the Mormon polygamist recognized his plural vows as binding till death, while other men observe them only until their fancy changes, or their flush times vanish, should be no moral argument in favor of the latter. By all means, if it is needed, let us have a constitutional amendment which shall make an end of polygamous cohabitation—in Utah, in New York, in Chicago, and in all California. Morals, to be commendable, should be universal.

So far as the attack on Senator Smoot is concerned, it is difficult of understanding on any theory originating in Pasadena. The point that he is a Mormon, and elected from a state where forty per cent of the voters are adherents of that faith, is not sufficient; for if he were unseated his successor might be a Mormon—on the anti-Mormon theory that every fellow communicant would be a supporter at the polls. Any candidate who can command forty per cent of the votes goes into a campaign a pretty sure winner. As a matter of fact, Senator Smoot is endorsed—personally and politically—by non-Mormons as well as by those of his own faith. If he had not been, he could not have won a re-election in 1912.

Besides which, his strength as a senator does not rest on his church affiliation, but on the fact that for about ten years he has proved himself an uncommonly industrious and valuable servant of the nation to which he has sworn and to which he renders an unbroken allegiance. With an unusual talent for those complicated and difficult problems of finance which discourage the ease-loving and scare the theatrical, he has done much to make clear the essential facts in the conduct of the nation's business. He has not troubled to placate enemies, nor wasted time amusing organizations which want to "do something." He seems to have convinced himself that a position which cannot be retained by clean private and useful public life is not worth holding. And all the fighting in the Smoot case has been done by his foes.

In a general way, these attacks on Mormons may be accounted for on the theory that they have no friends, and defense is an unlikely contingency. Well, maybe they do lack friends where they are not known. But residence among them convinces the reasonable non-Mormon of their worth. In the first place, they are industrious; in the second, they pay their debts; in the third, they educate their children. And you cannot call those people bad who work effectively, who are commercially honest, and who send their youth to school. Furthermore, there is a distinct credit which Americans everywhere should recognize in the Mormon movement. The founders of that faith—however mistaken in theological matters—assembled men and women not promising in appearance, nor highly valued in their native lands. They planted those crude converts in Utah, and gave them a chance. They supplied a spiritual incentive; they supplied direction so long as it was needed; and in countless cases they supplied the means by which manhood overcame the desert. Those crude converts, their material condition immeasurably improved, responded with increasing appreciation—and accumulated store. And I do not know a second and third generation anywhere so conclusively justifying—in appearance and in fact—the path in which its fathers were induced to enter.

They did accept polygamy as a doctrine; and when I argue against its sacred authority I have to abandon the half of my Bible—which isn't a safe step in a doctrinal argument. They accepted polygamy, and two percent of their eligible males practiced it—no more, even at the time the Edmunds law went into effect. And when the United States supreme court decided that law constitutional and binding, they accepted its provisions with less clamor but more con-

sistent obedience than is observed by many non-Mormons in their attitude toward other laws—old and new—intended to secure the same moral results.

Years have wrought a change in the whole Mormon view of this question, as was natural; and if the resurrection of that institution were submitted to a vote, the very membership of the Mormon church would reject it. You see, human nature is much the same all over the earth. A woman does not like to give her heart where her pride can not follow. No wife wants to be "hidden out." In the splendid sovereignty of that relation she cannot stifle her soul with secrecy. In the solemn grandeur of motherhood she cannot frame apologies. Polygamy was dead long before the Pasadena women chose attack upon it as their motive for movement.

Mormon-baiting is a safe sport, to be sure. But there are many wives nearer home who would be happier—and richer—if the shadow of "the other woman" were banished forever. And maybe it would be just as well for us Californians to set our own house in order, and let Utah attend to her own affairs.

UNMASKING A FRAUD

As Told by the Discoverer to Randolph Bartlett

RANGING the city in search of frauds to expose, I discovered this sign:

"Finest Silk Stockings Reduced from \$7.65 to \$7.62."

This aroused my permanently suspicious mind the instant I saw it. I cannot explain why it did so, but it did. That is the mark of the expert unmasker. You know at the outset that there is a fraud, and go ahead to prove it, permitting nothing to stand between you and your goal. Once lose faith in your intuitive knowledge and you are doomed to failure. So I considered the sign carefully. Then I realized that something must be wrong with those stockings, for hosiery, in the first place, should never come down.

I went into the shop and was approached by a young woman whose principal characteristic was politeness. My suspicions were corroborated immediately. Always beware of the polite clerk, who, without being paged, comes to you and inquires as to your wishes. This betrays an inordinate desire to sell something to you. If the wares are worth the price asked, the clerk would hide in a corner and wait until you had won a game of hide-and-seek before she would recognize your presence, and then would treat you with absolute indifference and hauteur, knowing that the transaction, if consummated, would be more to your advantage than to that of her employer. Therefore, I was on guard against her ingratiating smile.

"Show me some of your \$8.96 stockings, as advertised in the window," I said.

Note my cleverness in misrepresenting the price. This is the first principle in unmasking frauds—pretend you are ignorant and simple-minded. The caution of the salesman or saleswoman is thus disarmed, and the efforts at victimizing you will be that much coarser, and so easier to detect.

"Do you mean those for \$7.62, reduced from \$7.65?" she asked, just as I expected she would.

From the moment I saw her I knew she was no tyro in the fraud business, and that this would be a keen contest of wits. A less experienced cheat would have said at once to herself, "Here's a boob, and I will just overcharge him at his own figures." But this young woman was more subtle. She was trying to get me so dizzy with prices that I would be completely at her mercy. Say the figures over rapidly yourself—\$8.96, \$7.62, \$7.65—and then try to figure quickly the change out of a \$10 bill—excuse me, a crisp \$10 note, the only kind unmaskers use.

Still further convinced that I was right I accepted the correction without comment and inspected the stockings. They seemed to be of the best silk, which made it certain that they were of inferior grade. This is the second principle of unmasking, as laid down by the great philosopher W. S. Gilbert in his immortal line,

Things are seldom what they seem.

Keeping that always in mind you never will be disappointed in your determination to discover dishonesty.

I looked up quickly at the clerk, surprising her in a smile. Aha! Why should she smile? I was no friend of hers. It was that Mona Lisa smile, which says, "All men are simpletons." But Mona Lisa's smile never deceived me, nor did the clerk's.

"You guarantee these stockings to be worth \$7.65 to me?" I asked sharply.

Always ask sharply. It surprises them and they answer quickly and without caution. Also note the innocent looking words, "to me." I will explain, though to do so will partially reveal my identity which, for obvious reasons, I try to keep a profound secret, almost from myself. I am a man and have no women relatives. So I asked if the stockings were worth \$7.65 "to me." She could not possibly know whether or not they were worth ten cents to me, and I desired to see to what lengths her recklessness would carry her. But she was on her guard, and replied, evasively:

"We have always sold them for \$7.65 and I am sure you cannot get that quality elsewhere for less."

"I said nothing about going elsewhere. I simply want to know if they are worth \$7.65 to me. If they are, I do not mind paying \$7.62 for them."

Notice how cleverly I put that. The clerk would naturally say to herself: "If I say yes, he will take them and I will get rid of an annoying customer." For I admit I am annoying. I am just as annoying as I know how, and that is extremely annoying I can assure you. It excites the salesmen, and excitement often betrays them into inadvertent truth. So it transpired.

"Yes, we guarantee them to be worth \$7.65," she said.

"To me?" I insisted.

"To anyone," she said, still smiling.

Click! The trap was sprung.

"I'll take them," I said, carefully concealing the note

of triumph which you may have expected I would show in my voice. "Be sure to write on the receipt, 'Worth \$7.65 to purchaser.'"

That is the only way to nail them down to their frauds. Lure them into making reckless verbal statements, and then demand that they put it down in writing. I smiled inwardly (this is a trick you can master only by great practice) as I saw the clerk fill out the slip, and handed her the crisp ten-dollar note. I counted my change twice, and was a little disappointed to find it was correct, but it was clear that I had so impressed her with my cleverness that she was taking no chances.

"Where is the receipt?" I demanded.

"In the package," she replied, still smiling.

"I unwrapped the hosiery, read the slip, and then, and not until then, with all the evidence gave my exclamation of triumph:

"Aha!" I said, in my best manner. "I knew this was a fraud. I want to see the proprietor."

"I am the proprietor," she said, still smiling.

"Good!" I ejaculated. You can always tell the expert unmasker by the finished manner in which he ejaculates. I do it so particularly well that I always repeat my ejaculations. "Good! I now have proof of dishonesty, not merely on the part of a paid employee, dependent upon her pitiful wages for bare existence, forced by unscrupulous employers to be a tool of fraud, but here we have the spectacle of the wealthy merchant him—er—herself, deliberately imposing upon the public. Shame!" I said this last word scathingly.

"Imposing? How?" she asked this in the quiet manner of the confidence man, gambler, and others who live by preying upon the unwary.

"This says that these stockings are worth \$7.65 to me—mark you, to me. Now, they are not worth a cent to me, because I have no women relatives. I shall expose you in my official organ, 'Everybody's a Liar.'"

"But they are worth \$7.65 to you," the brazen woman declared. "In fact I should say they are worth even more."

"How so?" I asked, giving her an opportunity to involve herself further.

"Take them to your room," she said, in a confidential tone. "Leave them lying carelessly on a table. Then think of the most charming woman you ever met, and imagine that she is your wife and has left them there. Think of the delicious sensations you will experience."

"Madam, my life is consecrated to the public. I never think of marriage." I said this with great dignity.

"Then leave them in a conspicuous place in your apartment, where your men visitors will see them. They will be curious, will cultivate your acquaintance, will invite you to dinners and theater parties, in the hope one day of surprising your secret and meeting the owner of the stockings. As you are the owner the mystery will continue indefinitely, and you will save on meals and diversions many times \$7.65."

"Madam, you are depraved," I declared with scorn, and stalked from the shop, taking with me the evidence of her dishonest methods. So beware of the shop with the sign, "Finest Silk Stockings Reduced From \$7.65 to \$7.62."

New York, December 20, 1915.

Too Cultured Boston Terrier

There is a Boston terrier out in the southwest residence district that is likely to cause nervous prostration in the circulation departments of several Los Angeles papers. This particular pet had been taught to play with a ball, retrieving his toy whenever he could persuade anyone to throw it for him. Recently, he applied the ball tactics to his mistress' morning paper bringing it in when he was let loose one day and great were his rewards for this display of intelligence. But this happens to be a dog of reasoning powers and he concluded that if sweets were his for the bringing in of one paper, much more would be the reward for more papers, with the result that he littered the porch of his mistress' house with all the papers in the block one morning and put his owner to the necessity of turning distributor for them, not, however, in time to forestall telephone calls to the offices by irate subscribers. Since then it has been necessary to keep the industrious little brute shut up until the morning papers have been legitimately retrieved.

A Fire Star

A little star
Felt the creamy radiance of the moon
One night in June.
She longed for him afar.
She desired the moon.
So, down
The crinkly, tissue-paper sky,
Deep, purple-brown,
That had been saffron-red,
She fled.
On six bright points she sped.
Her passionate spark,
With fiery grace,
Flaming a blazing arc,
Before her lover's face.

A young girl said,—
"Quick, make a wish, before it fades too far!
There goes a shooting star."

—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON

Identity

(a la T. B. Aldrich)

Somewhere, in doddering, crack-brained space
In Moon-struck Land, in Bug-house Land,
Two Imagists met face to face
And bade each other stand.

"And what ARE you," cried one, agape,
Agog at the unusual sight!
"I know not," said the second shape,
"I only spawned last night."

—ERNEST McGAFFEY

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

CHARITY, the first of the christian graces and the keynote of Christmas, is this year the inspiration of most of the holiday festivities in society. The Olympic Club started the ball rolling by giving last week three capital minstrel shows, followed by supper dansants at the Palace and St. Francis hotels. These entertainments netted a sum of not less than \$11,000, a handsome contribution to the funds of the Associated Charities, which excellent organization has set the mark of \$25,000 to be raised for the relief of the city's poor this winter. Next Monday Mrs. William H. Crocker presides over an elaborate Italian fete at the St. Francis in aid of the Italian and Serbian relief funds. And, this year, the annual orgy on New Year's eve is to be tempered by the demands of charity, for the festivities at the Palace Hotel are to be devoted to aid the Auxiliary of the Infant Shelter. All the leading lights of society have engaged tables for the supper dansant, and the floor committee, organized by Thornwell Mullally, includes the best known men in the community. Next Tuesday afternoon the Elks will entertain at their clubhouse upward of two thousand little children who may have been neglected by Santa Claus.

* * *

Absorption of the Pacific Mail fleet by the American International Company and the plans of the Rockefeller syndicate for trade extension in the Pacific are events of incalculable value to this port. Captain William Matson of the Matson Navigation Company, who has been loud in his lamentations over the effects of the new shipping laws, is now enthusiastic for the future. "A new era," he says, "is dawning for the shipping interests of the Pacific coast. With the expansion of our shipping interests and the development of the South American and Central American trade, San Francisco will become one of the greatest trading centers of the world. Untold wealth will pour through the Golden Gate."

* * *

Exports from this port for the eleven months ending November 30 amounted to \$74, 229,421, an increase of \$16,348,112 over the corresponding months last year. The exports for last month itself, however, showed a decrease of more than a million dollars, which is attributed to the partial stoppage of traffic to Atlantic coast ports on account of the Panama Canal slide.

* * *

Christmas Eve's open air celebration is to be transferred this year from Lotta's fountain to the Civic Center. A gigantic fir, the largest that Mayor Rolph's agents could find in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, is being erected and will beam with thousands of colored lights and stringers. Alice Gentle and others will sing and speak from a balcony in the new city hall. The celebration this year is being arranged by the Bulletin.

* * *

Fred Herr's tragic end was a terrible shock to his scores of friends here, where in the last five or six years he had endeared himself by that rare amiability of character which had distinguished his twenty years' residence in Los Angeles. No man was better known and liked in railroad circles, and during his three years' connection with the Anglo and London-Paris National Bank he had made for himself a place of honor in the financial world. Shortly before his death he had been selected to represent a syndicate of bankers interested in the reproduction of the Panama Canal model in New York. The funeral Monday morning was attended by many members of the Bohemian and Transportation Clubs and other sorrowing friends.

* * *

One of the foremost members of the "old guard" of the Bohemian Club has passed away in the person of Frank L. Unger, to whose memory Edward H. Hamilton paid a touching tribute in the Examiner, as "one of the gentlest gentlemen that our western world has ever known." It was Unger, Hamilton recalls, who "brought into the Bohemian Club one of his wandering friends—a strange figure with long, untended hair; a worn and greased coat of green velvet; a troubled, yearning look in his unusual eyes. They were a little inclined to turn the shoulder to him, even those Bohemians of that Bohemian time. But Unger mothered him among them, and a few of the vagrant crew came to know a little of his mettle—to get a touch of the man that pulsed behind the jacket. This unusual figure that Unger introduced developed as Robert Louis Stevenson—to me the one man since the world began who has thoroughly mastered English prose."

* * *

At the first of this season's symphony concerts, last Friday, the new director, Alfred Hertz, thoroughly realized the great expectations worthy of his reputation. He presided over the enlarged orchestra of eighty pieces with masterly force and broad sympathy, producing results that are only comparable with the work of the famous Bostonians. The program was unusually ambitious, including Beethoven's "Leonora No. 3," Brahms' Second Symphony in D, Wagner's "Faust" overture and Berlioz' "Carnaval Romain." The concert was repeated Sunday afternoon at popular prices before an enthusiastic audience which packed the Cort theater. But in most of the generous tributes paid to the magic of Hertz' baton it seems churlish to find invidious comparisons with the work of his predecessor. The good work that Henry Hadley accomplished in the first four critical years of the symphony's existence laid a firm foundation for the present structure.

* * *

Thanks to the enterprise of your impressarios, Len Behymer and Sparks Berry, we are promised a short season of grand opera, two weeks at the end of next month. The La Scala Company will be headed by Alice Nielsen and Alice Gentle, both great favorites here, and after the long dearth of opera here has every prospect of success.

R. H. C.
San Francisco, December 22.

HOW INDIA HAS PROVED HER LOYALTY

By Eleanor Maddock

THERE are certain German fables about India which seem to have achieved an almost world-wide circulation, and while the simple geography concerning locality where "revolts and uprisings" are said to be taking place and worse still, the introduction of a "mythical maharajah, whose name does not appear in the Gold Book of India" stamp them as fiction to those who know the country, yet they are no less a menace, and but another irritant stirred into the maelstrom of unrest, that is inexorably drawing all nations into its vortex center.

Vastly disturbing and far-reaching was the report—albeit bearing the unmistakable hall-mark of Berlin—of uprisings against the British government in the north of India. At Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, it was stated that all the prisoners had been let out of jail, and nearly two thousand Europeans massacred, all of which has been disproved by letters recently received from relatives residing there.

In the earlier part of the war German spies were busy in that section of the country, one in particular, Herr Wassmuss, among whose effects were found "thousands of inflammatory pamphlets in Hindu, Punjabi and other Indian languages calling upon the Indian army to rise and kill their officers." Government officials believe that the reports were prompted and set going on account of the well known fact that for the last hundred years or more, the ruling power in India has found it necessary to keep a vigilant eye on the northern frontier of the Punjab.

Berlin has in the last few weeks been enjoying some "Arabian Nights Entertainments" furnished by "Travelers from Bagdad," which it has generously shared with the world at large. In one, Lord Kitchener was depicted as rushing over to India to rescue the Nizam of Hyderabad, who had been deposed by his subjects for loyalty to the British. This powerful Mohammedan ruler, be it said, is still sitting comfortably on the throne of his nine predecessors, and according to his recent communication to the viceroy, England will not lack for war funds while there is a gold mohur left in the coffers of Hyderabad. The Germans stated that the information was given them by "travelers from Bagdad." But in all probability the romance was suggested by the somewhat disturbed relations between the Hindus and Mohammedans at the present time over questions relating to education and religious matters, purely their own affair, and has no bearing directly on the present crisis. Lord Kitchener's visit to the Mediterranean was, of course, attributed to every reason except the right one. The Island of Ceylon has by no means been overlooked. There have been ghastly tales of native revolt, with the destruction of tea and rubber plantations, and the wholesale murder of Europeans. Here again the truth has been distorted to serve a special end, as the report omitted to state that the decidedly unpleasant riots which did occur in various parts of the island last June were the culmination of a religious quarrel between the Sinhalese and Mohammedans, which had long been smoldering.

Before me is a letter from a friend, an officer in the Colombo Civic Guard, giving a detailed account of the affair, which began during the procession on Wesak night (the birthday of Buddha). The Mohammedans objected to the Sinhalese beating tom-toms when passing their mosques, throwing missiles and otherwise annoying the latter, and as between these excitable people bad blood becomes a high explosive when the spark is applied, so, in brief, to quote from the letter: "The Sinhalese gave the Mohammedans a bad time of it, killing and wounding hundreds, blowing up mosques with dynamite, burning and looting all the Mohammedan boutiques in Colombo. The guards were called out for duty day and night until the situation was got well in hand, and the devil out of the Sinhalese. Our casualties were two from sunstroke, and minor cuts and bruises."

The German irritant system has been no less active in Central India, and in consequence an incident occurred in October, 1914, among the poorest and ignorant low caste native of the Bombay bazaar quarter that would have been ludicrous, were it not an outcome of war tragedy, over which none feels an inclination to laugh.

One morning, just as a P. & O. steamer was swinging into her dock, the harbor officials were astounded at the surging crowds of these people assembled on the jetty, arrayed in their best, and bedecked with flower garlands, to welcome the king and queen of England, whom they believed to be on the mail steamer, as the Germans had taken London, and their majesties had fled to India for safety! November 18, of this year, the India office at Bombay issued the following: "The Muharram festival in Bombay is always a time of much anxiety to the local authorities, and special preparations are invariably made to cope with the possibility of disorder. Whenever the Mohammedan community of India is disturbed its unrest generally finds expression at the Bombay Muharram. The great day of the festival has been repeatedly marked by grave riots. The celebration is so accurate an index of feeling among the masses of Mohammedans that its peaceful character this year is both reassuring and extremely creditable to the leaders of the community."

Hindus as a race possess far vision, an attribute of wisdom, therefore they are now, as in the past, loyal to the powers that be—as will be seen presently. No doubt it would be of no small advantage to Germany if the Mohammedans of Afghanistan, India and Ceylon could be incited to revolt now that England is at war with Turkey, the fountain head of the Moslem religion, but they seem to have overlooked a most important factor; it is this: To the Moslem the killing and eating of pig is an unspeakable abomination, forbidden by the Koran, and as the German diet consists largely of this unclean animal, the Mohammedan is not altogether keen on exchanging the beef-fed Englishman for the swine-eating German; while they may have differences with the former they know him, but the latter they do not wholly trust. A pertinent

aphorism of theirs says, "Birds do not perch on trees where there is no fruit." The amazing rapidity with which the world's drama is shifting its scenes at the present time renders the events of only a few months ago ancient history; still there is no getting away from



King George (22d. Bengal Lancers)

it if we are ever to arrive at the truth, shorn of lies and fiction.

Following close upon that fateful August 4, 1914, one of the most eventful days of modern times, when England decided to stand for honor and the "little scrap of paper," the secrecy with which troops were hurried from all parts of the British Isles to Folkestone and Dover, and thence across the English channel, was little short of miraculous, as the public knew nothing of it, until it was announced that a large army had landed in France, "without a single casualty." Simultaneously, with the same amazing secrecy, the vast Indian Empire awoke to the danger and the need for swift action; for the ruling princes of India know only too well what it would mean for them were the protection of the British Raj to be swept away from her borders, admittedly a conqueror, but, without one who respects their great religious caste system, which is their life.

When the first telegraphic communication from the viceroy of India was read before the imperial parliament sitting under the depression of the warcloud, it was like "the unfolding of a real romance from the east, with all its variety, movement and color, and



Sir Pertab Singh

was accepted as the highest tribute ever paid to Imperial ideals." For no fewer than nine maharajas of independent states were offering themselves and all their troops for active personal service with the Indian contingent in France and Belgium. The veteran, Sir Pertab Singh, a close friend of the late King Edward, "refused to be denied his right to fight for England." He is now at the front, and with him is his nephew,

the sixteen year old maharajah of Jodhpur. The maharajah of Mysore alone gave fifty lakhs of rupees, a sum equal to about one and a half million dollars; then, a long list of the other ruling princes, rajahs, and nawabs offered not only troops, but camels, horses, money contributions, and even their personal and state jewels, and those who have seen a collection of gems owned by an eastern prince, know something of the value of such a gift. Pearls, the size of small marbles, coffers of uncut diamonds and rubies mined centuries ago along with the famous Koh-i-nor, from the heart of ancient Golkonda. Of the rajputs, the aristocrats of India's great warrior caste of which the maharana of Udaipur is the head, the maharajah of Bikaner has won distinction from the outset of the war with his famous camel-corps, bred and trained on the arid wastes of the Indian desert, where water is only found at a depth of two, and often three hundred feet. It is due largely to the efficient patrolling of the desert along the Suez canal by these "oont-logue" or camel-folk, that there have been no further Turkish raids on the canal.

There is living today at Dalhousie, one of the beautiful Himalayan hill-stations, an aged V. C. colonel, one of the few left, who took an active part in, and is still able to describe in detail, the happenings of those bloody wars with the Sikhs, and the subsequent annexation of the Punjab by the British in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. The Sikhs although conquered were not wholly subdued, but gradually their resentment died and gave place to wonder and then loyalty, as they watched the steady redeeming of their vast territory from the scourge of famine by the system of irrigation canals. This fine, upstanding race, bred in the pure air of the Punjab, under the snow-capped Himalayas of "Kipling's India" has again taken up arms, this time on behalf of the conqueror. Near the end of that long list of telegraphic messages was the offer of money and troops—of a sort—from beyond the northeastern borders of India, and from no less a personage than the erstwhile troublesome Dalai Lama of Tibet, and with his offer, the announcement that the innumerable Lamas throughout the length and breadth of Tibet were offering prayers "for the success of the British army, and for the happiness of the souls of all the victims of war."

In that budget of surprises the maharajah of Nepal, also from beyond the border, offered to send twenty thousand Gurkhas to the front, with forty thousand more awaiting the summons. His highness, the Agha Khan in addition to directing sixty million Moslems—of which he is the spiritual head—to place their personal services and resources unreservedly at the disposal of the government, volunteered himself to serve as a private in any infantry regiment of the Indian Expeditionary Force. The services of this remarkable man, with a university education, have been accepted for the purpose of keeping the "sixty million Moslems" informed and in line with their accepted duty at the front, and in their own country.

Those who sailed from Liverpool on the "City of London" just six weeks after war was declared were destined to meet these thousands on the road to war. In the dead of night the engines were stopped under the shadow of the rock fortress of Gibraltar with its mass of concealed guns. A fiery eye rushed toward us out of the blackness, and a torpedo-boat, like a half-submerged deep sea-monster, rolling in the foaming spray and swift current of the narrows, was overhauling us with a blinding searchlight, nor did it leave off until satisfied that "City of London" had not recently been painted on a German craft.

Port Said harbor, "The Gateway of the East," was massed with warships, the French cruiser "Bouvet," the first to be sunk in the Dardanelles, was waiting to escort a line of troopships due from India, and occupying valuable space were fourteen interned German vessels, with sulky crews glowering over their sides. There was not even room for us so we anchored outside while the long procession of fifty-one transports filed slowly out of the Suez canal on their way to Marseilles, packed to the rails with Rajputs, Sikhs, Gujharas and Pathans; the latter from Afghanistan, a type once seen is never forgotten, their thick black hair cut straight across just below the ears topped by a tightly wound conical turban with one end hanging over their shoulder. They are not a patient race under enforced restraint, the flash of their restless, half insolent eyes boded ill for the waiting enemy at the end of the long road.

Nor was this all, for at Ismalia, where the canal widens into the Bitter Lakes we were obliged to anchor again to await the passing of seventeen more troopships. Sitting on deck, far into the night, watching this strange panorama with all its grim significance: first, the traveling searchlight, as though feeling its way, then, due to some optical illusion, or peculiar atmospheric condition, the hulls appeared as great shapes literally climbing up out of the desert, dark and awesome slowly to round the bend and fade away into the night.

Never did the beautiful harbor of Bombay present so strange a sight—ships lying waiting to receive the constant khaki-colored stream recruited from all parts of the Indian empire. On the jetty stood groups of courtiers from the rajput state of Kishengarh while their handsome maharajah, shorn of costly jewels and robes, and dressed in simple khaki, passed up the gang plank. He, who only the day before had an army of courtiers and servants at his command, now goes to war like any British officer, with only an aide-de-camp, a syce or groom, and one body servant, and he is only one among many of India's ruling chiefs to do likewise. The strength and value of the Indian troops cannot be over-estimated, but down to the present time, in spite of the overwhelming mass of detail, the world is by no means fully acquainted with the important and almost idealistic part that India is taking in the present crisis; a land whose civilization was reckoned old when the nations for whom she is giving the flower of her manhood were unknown to history. But it will be a story that will bear telling one day—when the war is over.

"OVERLAND RED" AMONG THE NAVAJOS

By Henry Herbert Knibbs

FROM the land of the Navajos, this time. Well, we came, saw and leased a ranch for six months. With the ranch we have an adobe house, thick-walled and comfortable these frosty nights. Incidentally, we arrived in time to eat all the peaches we could carry home in pails. And sad to relate—ranchers turned their hogs in the orchards to clean up the fallen fruit. That there should be such a surplus and such waste and poor folk hungry for good fruit . . . But I'm no socialist, save in theory. Then came the frost and down came the peaches and apples.

We have had one blizzard. Mrs. Knibbs and I were riding over near the San Juan river one day recently, when I noticed a sulphur-colored bank of cloud creeping in from the northwest. It looked like a Mojave sand-storm in its infancy. Presently, the air took on a keen edge; our fingers grew stiff with cold. Before we knew it we were in a smother of whirling snow. Our ponies bent their heads to it and we rode into town. The main street was emptied of folks. Everyone that had half an excuse dove for the nearest doorway and backed up to the stove. We enjoyed the sting of it but found it handy to go in to the postoffice, get our mail and read it there. When we came out our saddles were covered with snow. Half-an-hour later the sun was out and the blizzard had gone on. It recalled the east, with this exception. Here in Farmington, we are so close to the Colorado line that the altitude keeps the air dry. Cold weather, in such circumstances, is a good tonic. For days we have clear skies and a warm sun, but the air itself is always keen and stimulating. This is not a weather report, however.

I started out with the intention of telling you what a great, raw, wonderful country New Mexico is. It is like southern California in some ways. Here is the sage, the sand, the canyons, the desert and elbow room. I miss the eucalypti and the pepper trees on the sky-line. We are just across the river from the Navajo reservation. Our ranch is on a kind of lane off the main road, and down this lane ride Navajos; the female after her kind and the pappose after his or her kind and the male after his—er—tobacco and cigarette papers. Some of the Navajos are wealthy. One in particular, a friend of mine, is rated at from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. He lives in a hogan of two rooms and I wish you could see his—let us call it "living-room." I ambled in there one cold day. I wanted to buy horses. I couldn't talk a word of Navajo and wouldn't if I could. I have too much respect for the teeth I have left. Well, I did some low-grade sign-talk. He didn't need any sign-talk to understand that I was cold. He called to his good wife, who was feeding the children tortillas and black coffee straight, and she came out and harangued him. It sounded like an automatic pistol with the pip. She "savvyed," however. And he sent his young daughter out after his band of saddle-ponies. ("Alleged" saddle ponies, as a careful newspaper would say). Meanwhile, I continued to shiver. I had just forded the San Juan and both my riding-boots were slopping water. He waved me in and put a log on the fire. Then I forgot to shiver and used my eyes.

The 'dobe was clean, neat, and decidedly beautiful. The floor was made of a kind of native cement—hard and smooth. The walls were smooth and the fireplace! Glory, what a club fireplace on a small scale! It was set diagonally in the corner and was built up in a step at the bottom which extended into the room a foot or two. That was for cooking and keeping the food warm. Then the opening curved up and back, making a clever draft space. Above the opening was a rough mantle on which were trinkets of all kinds. And cedar logs burned and made the room fragrant.

On the walls hung beads worth from twenty to forty sheep—each string; wampun with turquoise blocks and wedge-shaped pieces. Near the fireplace hung three belts. One of them was of a narrow strip of leather on which were strung a dozen ovals of solid silver. Another was wider and the ovals were engraved. But the third belt! It was broad and the silver was massive and engraved beautifully. Behind me hung the Navajo's gun and belt. The gun was pearl-handled and the belt was filled with "soft-nosed" ammunition. I decided I didn't want that belt quite so much, after all. Near John's gun—my friend's name is John—hung his silver-studded saddle and a gorgeous Navajo saddle-blanket. Then there were his chaps, silver studded with conchas, and his rifle. On the floor were Navajo blankets and Angora-goat skins with long, curly, soft hair. Round Mrs. John squatted the children. I tried to make love to the pappoose but my spurs or my sombrero or my gun or something scared the original tobacco-brownie, for he set up a yell and hid in his mother's skirts. I succeeded far better with the girl. In fact I always did.

Making the hunger sign, which isn't difficult, I was presented with a crisp tortilla, not a rubber chest-protector, and a cup of black coffee. I came again. The Navajo woman carefully washed my cup and refilled it and I emptied it. Then I squatted by the fire and thawed out and dreamed that I was the bronze proprietor of the hogan, who stood, meanwhile, in the doorway gazing beneath his palm at the distant mesa. Presently he grunted. The girl was coming with the horses.

I rose and sidled around the kids and went out. With her red-and-black blanket snapping in the wind came the Peach. And, before, trotted the herd of ponies. The dust drifted toward us. John picked up his rope and we started for the corral. Then the fun began. I roped and rode three of those four-legged agnostics and each one was worse than the last. Finally, I leaned against the corral bars and told John in exemplary American that, so far, his horses weren't worth stopping a river. He smiled and nodded. He knew it, the statuesque son-of-Yesterday! The horse I wanted was a white with a tail that touched the ground and an eye that had a searchlight stopped. When John was away one day, a week before, I rode up to his place and got his son and roped that horse

taken on flesh and carries his head like a staminal. Knibbs has undertaken the training of her pony. She began by naming him "Largo"—not because he is large, stately, and slow, but because he came from Largo canyon. Then she taught him manners. At first, he kicked at us every time we came near him. I am sorry to say, now that I think him over, that I returned the compliment when he all but brained me. I devoted a few minutes to him with my boots. Now he does not kick at us. In fact, this evening as we rode home and opened the big gate, Largo was turned loose and marched up to the back door, passing a pile of alfalfa, en route, so to speak, and standing patiently till Mrs. Knibbs came to him and unsaddled him. Then he went for the alfalfa. He puts his head down to be bridled and he puts his head down to have the bridle taken off. He follows me around the ranch like a dog and talks back when I call to him. So much for Largo.

Then there is "Quien Sabe." You know we lost our old dog that had been with us on all our trips. While on a bear-hunt up Largo canyon I met up with a Texan sheep-man who gave me one of his dogs. Her ancestry was and is, a mystery. Hence I called her "Quien Sabe." But she is, really, part Airedale and part shepherd. For a day I led her from my pony on a rope. Then she accepted us, made her bed at our feet and stayed with us on that two-hundred mile ride after bear. And, most fortunately, the bear didn't get us.

"Quien Sabe" is already the heroine of my short stories. Her former master is a man of his hands. He told me while I camped with him, that his two brothers had been shot from ambush. And he told me many a tale of the west. He packed an automatic and took short-cuts when he rode here and there. I liked him immensely. Later, I found that he was spinning truthful yarns. Folks wonder here, how I can mix with certain other folk. Why, I always did like the "other folk." That's all.

Incidentally, I have gathered to myself a few choice Navajo blankets. I have one saddle-blanket that is an encore. It is red and white and black and Indian in every thread. Blankets are scarce this year as the Indians got such a good price for the raw wool that they didn't weave to amount to anything. Then I have picked up a rare blanket and an old Hopi wedding-sash. The sash is gorgeous. I'm looking for a real "bayeta" sash but they are hard to find. I also dug up two Hopi wedding-baskets. One I sent to New York to a friend and the other comes to Los Angeles—if Pinguay behaves himself. Of course, I purchased a pair of Ute moccasins, beaded all over and of a good design. We are right among the traders here. And we make systematic raids on the reservation also. I find that hunting does not appeal to me so much as it used to. I would rather meet up with folks. Not the imitation town-sidewalk kind but the real, solid men of the outlands. We took photographs on our trip up the Largo. When I return I'll drop in with the pictures.

Meanwhile, we don't get The Graphic. It is being held for us in Los Angeles. Now you know I'd like to run my eye over that familiar sheet and find out Who's Who in Los Angeles—and California. I am glad to be here. It's a change. But I shall be glad to get back to the only town where I have set down my stakes and put up my shingle. Also my money, to a limited extent. How's real-estate anyway?

I often think of Randolph Bartlett swimming through the flotsam of New York. Does he still buck the current or is he going with the tide? And I often think of The Graphic only just around the corner. In fact, most everything is just around the corner if a chap knows when and where to turn.

Adios, amigo. And if you don't have The Graphic sent to me at Farmington, N. M. I'll write another letter. Farmington, New Mexico, December 22, 1915.

One of Germany's grandiose projects, to be put in effect at the successful termination of the present war, is the redemption and rejuvenation of the countries at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. But could she accomplish it? The habits and customs of sixty centuries behind the present population will not be easily remodeled by a few alien officials. Or would she, following her own example in Northern France, Poland and Southwest Africa, or that of Turkey in Armenia, extirpate or expatriate the present population? Could a county, in which for nearly a quarter of a century immigration has exceeded emigration, and which has recently lost in war a large fraction of her adult male population, furnish the people needed to repopulate a larger country?



County Library's Good Work

That Miss Gleason and Miss Jones, respectively county librarian and assistant librarian, had made a decided success of the county library, established only three years ago, I was well aware, but I had only a vague notion of the scope of this admirable public institution. Early in the week I visited the tenth floor of the Hall of Records building, to pay my respects to the two able women who have done such wonders in so short a time, and was escorted through the library by Miss Jones. I found there a remarkably well-selected lot of books, largely reserve stock, probably fifteen thousand volumes and a cursory survey assured me the fact that the percentage of "trash" was so small that it might be regarded as an irreducible minimum. In the 107 branch libraries scattered through the county are placed seventy thousand books, veritable manna from heaven to the hungry souls that otherwise would be deprived of this mental pabulum. At regular intervals Miss Gleason, in the library's automobile, visits the outlying segments, carrying with her new consignments of books and getting acquainted with the library patrons, thus learning their wants as no amount of long distance correspondence could reflect. She has just returned from a five-days' outing in the north-eastern part of the county, covering a wide circle and reaching points inaccessible by railroad. With her went the alert Miss Jedofsky, who is a linguist and a library expert trained under the Misses Gleason and Jones to a high degree of excellence. Alas, that a mere man is about to snatch her from this interesting work. This is her last week of service. Soon after the new year Miss Jedofsky will become Mrs. Gudemann. Both parties to the contract being pro-German in their war outlook there will be no dissensions on that score. However, that is a divergence. The point I make is that the county board of supervisors is expending in this direction the taxpayers' money in the most judicious manner and the returns in value received are such that the benefits can scarcely be overestimated. May the good work continue unabated and the appropriations prove most generous. It is a cent per cent investment viewed in any light.

Brings Back Welcome Tidings

Willis H. Booth is back from his eastern trip fully as optimistic over the business outlook as Col. Garland, Rob Rowan and other recently returned pilgrims who have descended of the flush times on the Atlantic coast. Says Willis: "I predict that by February there will be an active real estate market here with plenty of investors. A goodly percentage of the profits from eastern ventures is certain to flow in this direction and with so much property to be picked up at such reasonable figures that it will find ready purchasers I haven't a doubt." The electrical appliance business, in which Willis is so heavily interested in Chicago and Southern California, is swamped with orders. I hear that it is doing 60 per cent of the country's business, and when I say that every foot of space the Australian liners can spare the company is taken for eighteen months to come the extent of its foreign trade may be dimly realized. In South America, too, its trade has quadrupled since the war and will be of a permanent character. "No, politics had nothing to do with my visit east, it was primarily of a business nature," asserts Willis. Still, I violate no confidence in declaring that the successful manufacturer-banker has not relinquished his ambition to represent California in the upper house and is likely to contend against all other Republican aspirants at the primaries, next year. Whether it will be George S. Patton or E. L. Doheny that he must defeat is mere speculation, but Southern California is entitled to the nomination on its population and on precedent and the people south of the Tehachapi will jealously guard their right of representation and zealously strive for their just due.

Mistletoe Lure Not Working

For a week City Editor Jack Campbell of the Herald has been sitting, during working hours, under as husky a branch of mistletoe as ever gladdened the heart of an aged spinster, but he declares that so far as osculatory salutations from females other than his legal relatives are concerned he remains a Gladstone Dowie. Why this careless omission on the part of the sweet sob sisters of the Herald staff I do not attempt to explain. I would suggest to Campbell that if he will have Guy Price move his office so that impressionable stage beauties in search of the dramatic critic are forced to pass the city editor's desk the mistletoe, doubtless, will not fail of its accustomed lure.

Embarrassing Experience at Tia Juana

Know the name of your masculine escort when you go to Tia Juana, should be a good rule for beautiful Los Angeles school teachers to adopt, following the recent experience of one of the handsomest while she was at the Mexican border town. It seems the Los Angeles miss accompanied a San Francisco girl friend to San Diego and in that city the latter met a young New York man with whom she had formed a casual train acquaintance on the way south. The two girls were planning to go to Tia Juana and believed they would be safer with a male escort. As the New York man had displayed no indications of "freshness" they invited him to accom-

pany them. At Tia Juana the sight which most interested the eastern man was the toy Mexican fort, regarding which he made remarks so sadly indiscreet that he finally landed in the Tia Juana jail. Anxious to aid their escort the girls hurried to the jail and endeavored to obtain his release. "What is your friend's name?" they were asked. Either the San Francisco girl had never heard it or in the excitement of the moment it slipped her mind, and both she and her Los Angeles companion were forced to confess they did not know. Consequently, their plea failed to make an impression. They next visited the most prominent American of the town, to implore his aid. "What is your friend's name?" he asked and again, to their embarrassment, they had to admit their ignorance. However, the American was sympathetic and succeeded in having the New Yorker given an immediate trial, which the girls attended. The man was released with a fine large enough to impress upon him that Mexican wars and Mexican forts are not altogether jokes.

Dr. Rose Bullard Will Be Missed

In the sudden and lamentable death of Dr. Rose Talbott Bullard, Los Angeles loses not only one of its leading physicians, but also one of its most public spirited and noble women. I wish to express my sympathy with Dr. Frank Bullard and his daughter, Miss Helen, over the untimely death of this unusual woman, who in the midst of professional duties such as are discharged by but few men, found time to be a devoted wife and mother. Dr. Rose Bullard's sister, Dr. Lula T. Ellis, returned only a few weeks ago from a trip around the world and was at her sister's side when the end came. How much the Young Women's Christian Association owes to Dr. Rose Bullard probably never can be estimated. For five years of its early history she was its secretary and for one year served as president. She came to this city in 1886 and until her marriage to Dr. Frank Bullard in 1888 was associated with one of the pioneer women doctors of the city, Dr. Elizabeth Follensbee, the two having offices on the site of the present city hall. Always at the front of her profession and one of the really distinguished women surgeons of this country, Dr. Rose Bullard was more than that, she was an unusual power for good in the community which was so fortunate as to have her for a citizen.

Sunset Club's Christmas Jinks

Sunsetters are eagerly looking forward to the Christmas jinks program to be sprung on them next Wednesday night at the California Club. Friday night being New Year's Eve the regular meeting is advanced forty-eight hours to avoid interference with old year festivities. It is understood that Sunsetters Vetter and Alles have arranged a number of surprises for their fellow members, the entertainment committee relinquishing its duties for the occasion to the official pooh-bahs. Five new members are to be elected, reported by the special membership committee and an evening of rare worth is certain. I regret to say that Sunsetter John J. Byrne will be absent. The hard cold he caught in New York has not abated so that his whisper has faded away to a ghostly echo until his doctor has interdicted all conversation and John is an enforced stay-at-home. But he will not be forgotten when his comrades stand together to sing the club's anthem written for the occasion.

Teachers' Club Has Literary Prize

Kate Douglas Wiggin's interest in philanthropy is not of the superficial kind, nor is it of the sort that preclaims itself. Not until the announcement came from the Los Angeles City Teachers' Club was it known that Mrs. Wiggin had presented to that organization the manuscript of her story, "The Girl and the Kingdom," a literary offering that is likely to inspire in every teacher who reads it a new pride in her profession and a reawakened desire to assist in realizing the ambition of the California Federation of Women's Clubs absolutely to wipe out illiteracy in this state. Mrs. Wiggin's story has been prepared in pamphlet form and, I understand, may be obtained from the Los Angeles Teachers Club in the Trinity Building. "The Girl and the Kingdom" was read by Mrs. Wiggin before a recent teachers' luncheon in San Diego. It will be remembered that the author was a California teacher at an earlier date in her career.

Peter Macfarlane's Brief Visit

From Peter Clark Macfarlane, who is now in San Francisco, I have received confirmation of my supposition, expressed three weeks ago, that the Robert Mitchell of the author's latest story, "Held to Answer," is none other than Ed Chambers, formerly assistant freight traffic manager of the Santa Fe lines out of Albuquerque, and now vice-president of that transcontinental road with offices in Chicago. Macfarlane writes me: "I must compliment you on your perspicacity in picking out the very sentence which to my mind is most reminiscent of dear old E. C. as we used to call him in the days now far enough away to seem like romance." The sentence from the story to which Macfarlane refers reads: "Mitchell laughed amiably and reached out for the curling lock upon his brow, which was his mainstay in time of mental shipwreck and began to twist it." That this Collier writer may join the local literary colony is indicated by the following from his letter: "I was sorry not to have had a chance to get around among the newspaper friends when in Los Angeles, but hope to be down for a long stay in the spring when the novel I am now working on is finished. The charm of Los Angeles got hold of me rather harder on the last visit than it has in many years before." I assume that Macfarlane is in San Francisco for the purposes of renewing acquaintance with scenes of his early struggles, just as he did in this city. He went from Los Angeles, where he was private secretary to Ed Chambers, to the bay region and became pastor of a Christian church in Alameda along about 1900. After properly stirring up the community over its general "cussedness" he dropped from sight on the Pacific coast and

and placed the painting on exhibition on the zone, where it is credited with having made its owner \$70,000. Quite a profitable investment!

Tokens of the Season

In this season of good-will to man it is refreshing to note how many hard-headed business and professional workers have tucked away in their systems a pretty bit of sentiment for conveying expressions of Christmas cheer to their friends. Clare Snively, chief of police, is one of these. In tasteful words, on a handsomely designed card, he wishes for his friends "that Care may turn her wan face elsewhere and Content bear you constant company." That, likewise, is the wish of hosts of Los Angelans for Clare Snively. Tom Peck of the Salt Lake is sending out a neatly designed, holly-decorated, folding pencil and pen, with the hope that it "will be useful in ticketing passengers to Southern California." William Hamilton Cline, he who puts the name of the Orpheum in many papers, has one of the cleverest ideas. He couches his greetings in customary "publicity" language and declares he hasn't "yet to press-agent a more worthy attraction" than Santa Claus. Among the scores of other cards one of the brightest bits is that of F. B. Silverwood, for the designing of which I presume Sherley Hunter is responsible. William Ramsey Heberhart, host of Hotel Del Coronado, utilizes a truly beautiful photograph of the surf in front of the hotel, with Point Loma showing in the distance, to carry his holiday greetings.

What the Camera Failed to "Take"

Exhibition in this city of Lanier Bartlett's excellent photoplay version of Rex Beach's "Ne'er Do Well" has brought out a story of the finest riot of the days when Bartlett and a film company were on the Isthmus taking the story—a riot which will not be seen in pictures because it occurred at night, to the never-ending sorrow of the director. It will be remembered that Bartlett took a large company to the canal zone last year, in order to supply local color for the picture play. While there a number of American soldiers became involved in trouble in the republic of Panama and after a general fight were dragged away to the Panama city jail. In discussing the incident in conversation recently Lanier said, "One of the most satisfying things I ever remember seeing was the way in which General Edwards—a vital, upstanding, six-foot-and-over type of American regular army officer—strode into the Panama jail the night of the riot, unarmed and at the moment unaccompanied, and, throwing aside with his bare hands the knife-bayonets that were pointed at his chest by the native guards at the door, secured the release of a dozen or more of his army 'boys' who had been dragged through the streets and thrown into cells simply because they had resented the treatment accorded an injudicious tippler who had started the trivial fuss. The general personally escorted his men out and through the excited crowds. Soon United States troops from the zone were clearing the streets and portions of the city were held under martial law by the American authorities until morning. If this had only occurred in daylight what a chance for our camera—because a riot is the 'big punch' in the Rex Beach story!"

On a Hot Scent

Christmas book buying this year has been heavy, I am told, with the consequent crop of new jokes over the mistakes in titles made by would-be purchasers. What is probably the best of these inadvertent slips was made in Bullock's admirably-conducted book department, where a woman of fine dress and cultured accent inquired for John Kendrick Bangs' "Houseboat on the Stinks." She was on the scent of the work she wanted, at least.

Mrs. Forbes' Story of the Missions

Probably, residents of no other state take the same interest in the early days of the land they live in that Californians do. True, few other states have so romantic a history. There is a constant inquiry among newcomers into the story of the missions, but it is surprising the amount of misinformation that has been spread by word of mouth or by ignorant "sight-seeing tour" guides. For persons in search of the true story of the early days, attractively and concisely presented, the little volume by Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes entitled "California Missions and Landmarks" cannot be too highly recommended. The little book has been before the public for several years but it has just been reissued in its third edition, revised to give the present conditions in the places described. Mrs. Forbes and her husband

have been active workers for the welfare of the few surviving mission Indians and for the preservation of the monuments left by the Franciscan fathers in California. The author treats, with a touch of deep affection, the history of each mission, describes its present condition and tells how it may be reached. In addition, she tells the story of Junipero Serra's journey into the wilderness and of the gradual development of that marvelous highway known as El Camino Real, the King's Highway, which once was the path for the padre's feet and which now is worn by so many thousand automobile tires.

Two Noted Rivals in Educational Field

Spirited rivalry which rumor whispers has not been entirely missing in the school relationships between City Superintendent Francis and County Superintendent Keppel may be transferred to another field of endeavor. Francis, I believe, has not entirely rejected the invitation that he take the presidency of the Chautauqua association which proposes to establish itself on the summit of Mt. Washington. Now comes the announcement that Keppel holds the presidency of the proposed rival institution, the Los Angeles Chautauqua Association, which it is planned to locate on Montecito Heights. It seems Keppel was elected president of the association last July, although the first public announcement did not come until this week. Mark is canny and he declares he will not resign his county position until the Chautauqua proposition develops more glittering prospects. He calls attention to the fact that he has been in school work twenty-one years and if he continues nine years longer he will be eligible to a state pension of \$500 a year. Certainly, not an item to overlook! Col. John Sobieski, scion of the one-time royal house of Poland, is vice-president of the Montecito association and among the others who are interested in promoting the project are Glen Behymer, son of his distinguished father, William H. Knight, W. D. Larrabee, Olin Wellborn, Jr., and Robert Allen.

When the Supervisor Turned Lawyer

Supervisor Richard H. Norton has been so busy regulating the steps of other county employes by the letter rather than the spirit of the law, that it is surprising to find he was so indiscreet as to lay himself open to a charge of practicing law on the county's time. It was to be expected that when Norton appeared in probate court as attorney in petition for probate of a will, the opportunity for a "come-back" at the zealous custodian of the public's morals and watchdog of the county treasury would not be overlooked. The probate petition in question was, I understand, signed by "Norton and Norton," attorneys, the second Norton being the supervisor's daughter, who was admitted to practice several years ago, soon after her father qualified; but, if I am correctly informed, it was the supervisor himself who appeared in court. Norton explains that the persons represented in the petition are his neighbors and that he had been asked to appear for them as a matter of friendship. The county charter provides that supervisors "shall devote all their time during business hours to the faithful service of the public." It would be a trivial matter over which to carp were it not that Norton has been so prone to put wrong interpretations on unimportant matters concerning other county officials. We all remember what happened to the man of biblical writ who, as the New England primer puts it, "dugged a grave."

Optimism His Creed

There is no more optimistic prophet of prosperity in Los Angeles than H. S. McKee and the genial cashier of the National Bank of California succeeded well, I am told, in imbuing members of the local Produce Exchange with his hopeful views on business when he addressed them at their annual banquet last Saturday night. Here is a touch from the McKee gospel of good times: "The industrial life of America is a big enough thing to rest on its own basis. Our total export and import trade amounts to three per cent only of this country's entire business. Even if there is a way, ever were we to become involved, what have we to fear? Nothing, I think." The banquet was a notable one, especially the dance divertissement that followed.

Henry Ford's Peace Ark

[As Viewed by the London Daily Mail]
Over the ocean she steers for the fray,
Bearing an olive branch free from formality.
Heavily rolling, she ploughs through the spray,
Laden with fine quintessential neutrality.
Englishman, Frenchman, and Russian, and Hun,
Here comes a party intent on suppressing you;
Belgian, Italian, and Serbian, have done!
Please recollect Mr. Ford is addressing you.

Mr. H. Ford is undoubtedly IT,
Voicing the views of the peaceful minority;
If you defy him, refusing to "quit,"
He will be forced to assert his authority.
Monarchs and President, put up your swords,
Haste to prepare each address valedictory—
He who apportions the blame and rewards,
His is the final and ultimate victory.

Winds of the ocean, your gaucheries cease,
Ye who too often will frolic infernally;
He who is bringing our continent peace
Surely should never be troubled internally.
Merrily wave all the flags that there are,
Scatter him blossoms in endless varieties!
Way, if you please, for the god in the car
Who shall resolve all our doubts and anxieties!
—TOUCHSTONE

"As a measure of economy the council has declared vacant the position of health officer." This is from the Los Angeles Express for December 9, 1875. What was the relationship between this act, (the enlightened public spirit of which prompted it), and the epidemic of small pox the following spring?

Music

EDWARD LEBEGOTT conducted the Los Angeles Oratorio Society through the mazes and amazes of the "Messiah" last Sunday afternoon at Temple Auditorium. His chorus numbered one hundred and fifty voices, his orchestra twenty and the soloists were Mrs. Vaughn, Mrs. Hance, Messrs. LaBonte and Porter, with Mr. Hastings at the organ, and Miss Gregg at the piano. The audience was of fairly good size, but not of the dimensions the performance deserved. The chorus showed decided gain since its last performance and after its drill under Mr. Brueschweiler last season and Mr. Legebott this year it carried the choral sections with decided success. No small portion of the success of the affair lies to the credit of the soloists and of these Mr. Porter was the surprise, as he has been heard in public but little. He sang with a decided oratorio style and that includes good enunciation and excellent voice quality. Others of the quartet by repeated appearances have made their virtues known.

Mr. Legebott gave a somewhat Italianized version of the old German-English oratorio. Opera temperament applied to oratorio, one might say. Certain of the choruses were given at automobile speed, possibly, the idea being to keep the audience awake; and at this day and age, after hearing so much music that is more human and sympathetic, perhaps the Legebott idea is not so bad, providing his chorus can stand it. It must be said that the runners—I mean the singers—came up to the scratch as a unit and ended at the final "Hallelujah" with vim and exactness. For instance, the chorus "All We Like Sheep" was sung at 114 quarter notes to the minute, whereas the text asks for only 96. But if the sheep strayed faster they got into the fold quicker, so there you are! And that chorus beloved of sopranos and altos, "For Unto Us a Child is Born" was taken at 120 instead of the marked 84, which is a jump in the birth rate unprecedented in America, I'll wager. This may stand as an acceleration of musical obstetrics not productive of any twilight sleep on the part of the audience, nor, be it added, of dignity on the part of the performance. And if the chorus had not had sufficient preparation the result would have called for a clinic. And now let us bury "The Messiah," "The Creation" and "Elijah" for say five years and hope for modern works such as Foote, Chadwick, Elgar and a score of others can supply.

Three delightful numbers comprised the offering of the Symphony Orchestra last Friday and Saturday at Trinity Auditorium. The Chadwick Symphonic Sketches, the Saint Saens violoncello concerto, played by Axel Simonsen and the Schubert Symphony in C made the list, short in print but long in concert. The Chadwick work is a rollicking series of pictures in tone. He speaks of the care-free, homeless life of a tramp, but forgetting the sordid subject, the composer's use of his instrumental colors as well as his clever treatment of themes is what gives enjoyment to the music lover. It is a work one could well hear complete as an encore, for the beauty of his tone combinations. Think of this riot of tone color coming out of a staid professor! As one listener said, "Just think of such a typical New England college professor going on a jag like this!" But what a beautiful jag! Then came Axel Simonsen's rendition of the Saint Saens concerto. I believe this was his third playing of this work here. It is one of the most delightful examples of the music of a most delightful instrument. And, when played by an artist of Simonsen's stripe, one feels he is listening to a master interpreter. Casals is placed at the head of 'cello artists now-a-days and his worth for that rank was declared by the present writer when he first played here twelve years ago. And we are ready to say that Simonsen comes not far after Casals—high praise, indeed; but if the local 'cellist were to have an opportunity with the big eastern orchestras we believe the verdict would so place him—not, however, that we would wish to see him swallowed up by the effete east. We have so much mediocre talent here, for goodness sake let us retain and patron-

ize the best we have. But we are not doing it by such audiences as that of Saturday night.

As to Schubert's Symphony in C: This was the last and greatest of Schubert's works in this form. It is full of melodic beauty, in spite of the fact that when first played it was regarded as being bizarre and lacking in melody. Commentators of fifty years ago went into rhapsodies about this symphony and there is no doubt as to its worth; but one cannot help contrasting it with later schools of orchestral treatment—which, doubtless, is unfair, though unavoidable. One might place this symphony on a par with Beethoven's earlier symphonies, but not at all reaching the level of the greater master's Ninth. However, comparisons aside, one can enjoy it, and all the more when cuts of repetitions are made, as was done by the director, and a bit more cutting might not come amiss. Under Mr. Tandler's direction the orchestra is showing improvement; and certainly, at this day, we may demand greater exactness, after the orchestra has been concertizing for eighteen years. It takes hard work and a lot of it to get the best results and with new material entering every year it is impossible to pick up in the fall where one left off in the spring. There were ragged spots in the Chadwick number, more noticeable than in the others. The accompaniment to Mr. Simonsen was beautifully played, as was the symphony.

Apropos of the Schubert symphony played at the symphony concert last week, it is interesting to note the immense fecundity of Schubert's pen. Schubert wrote at any time and place and on any sort of paper. One of his most beautiful songs was written on the back of a bill of fare at a restaurant. It was so easy for him to write songs that he turned them out by the wholesale and sold them for a few cents to the publishers—some of them actually paid him but nineteen cents apiece! Much of his music, when written was laid aside on the shelves of his home and there remained until eagerly sought by musicians of the next generation—like Sir George Grove. For years after Schubert's death, here and there in Vienna, additional discoveries of Schubert manuscripts were made, and gradually these reached other countries. In 1839 on the appearance of new Schubert songs in London, a writer in the Musical World said: "A deep shade of suspicion, we regret to say, is beginning to be cast over the authenticity of posthumous compositions. The defunct popular composer not only becomes immortal in the poetic sense, but by a curious felicity, which publishers can best explain, actually goes on composing after he is dead. All Paris has been in a state of amazement at the posthumous diligence of the songwriter, F. Schubert, who, while one would think his ashes repose in peace in Vienna, is still making eternal new songs and putting drawing rooms in commotion."

Apropos, Sir George Grove's activities in unearthing the Schubert manuscripts, it was as long after Schubert's death as 1867—forty years after—when Grove and Sir Arthur Sullivan went to Vienna on a searching expedition for more Schubert works in Schubert's writings. They hunted high and low, in the libraries and in other dusty corners. But no Schubert. Finally, on paying a farewell visit to one librarian, they asked permission again to go through a dark closet. It was granted. At the bottom of the cupboard, in the far corner, they found a pile of music scores two feet high, covered with the dust of decades. They eagerly pulled these out into the light. There was the whole of the music for "Rosamunde," as it was tied up and put away after the second performance of the work in 1823. The Englishmen took it away and worked day and night until they had made copies of it, then returned the scores to the library. One can hardly imagine how the Vienna librarians, musicians and antiquarians would let such treasures of musical history lie untouched for nearly half a century.

At its December meeting, the local

Polytechnic Elementary School

Kindergarten and Grades, First to Eighth, inclusive.

SPECIAL WORK IN
MANUAL TRAINING, DOMESTIC SCIENCE
FRENCH, GERMAN AND ART

Corner of Catalina and California Sts. PASADENA

Music Teachers' Association elected the following officers for 1916: President, William H. Lott; vice president, Fannie Dillon; recording secretary, Carrie A. Trowbridge; corresponding secretary, Mrs. G. G. Grose; chairman committees: membership, Frank H. Colby; finance, Vernon Spencer; auditing, Charles E. Pemberton; program, Carolyn Alchin; house, Mrs. E. P. Makinson. The annual banquet of the association will be given January 7, at the Gamut club, with Charles Wakefield Cadman as guest of honor and speaker. The local association has separated itself from the state association and is devoting its energies toward building up in membership and musical strength and, financially, toward paying the remainder of the debt piled up by a former administration. The dues have been increased somewhat to the end of liquidating this debt gradually, though from a legal standpoint it is outlawed.

Date for the next popular concert of the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra to be given at Trinity Auditorium is January 15, with Mrs. Willis B. Tiffany, soprano, and Antonio Raimondi, clarinetist, as soloists. Mrs. Tiffany has a beautiful voice which is heard all too seldom in public here. Since her return from Paris a year or so ago she has made but few public appearances and her many friends will welcome this opportunity of hearing her with the orchestra. Signor Raimondi is a soloist of rare ability and his instrument lends itself notably to such requirements. The local composer to be represented on this program will be Alexander Karnbach of the Tandler quartette who will contribute two numbers for string orchestra. This young composer has not been represented in an orchestral program here before and his introduction to the large body of music lovers will be an interesting feature of the life and purpose of these popular concerts.

At the Musicians' Club last week the officers were elected for the coming year, as follows: president, Morton F. Mason; vice president, Waldo F. Chase; secretary, Arthur Babcock; treasurer, Charles E. Pemberton. Truly a representative list.

One of the operas offered in the competition for the Federation \$10,000 prize last year was "The Lover's Knot" by Simon Burchhalter. It was barred from consideration on account of its brevity—and yet brevity is one of the things we are praying for in the matter of opera and symphony. The work was presented at the home of Charles G. Dawes, in Evanston, Ill., and later was accepted by Cleofont Campanini, director of the Chicago Opera Company, for stage production.

Edna Darch MacMurtrie, formerly known as one of the Los Angeles musical prodigies, again is enrolled with the Chicago forces and will sing in Wolf-Ferrari's "Secret of Suzanne."

John Philip Sousa is referred to in the Chicago Daily News as "the Spanish-American bandmaster. Since when? Is the administration at Washington so pro-Spain as all that? Sousa was born in Washington, D. C.

Concerning its recent tour, the Brahms quintet reports a pleasant and profitable trip to Salt Lake City and back through the San Joaquin valley cities. The quintet met good support and ample compliments throughout.

Thursday evening, December 30, Mr. Archibald Sessions, organist at Christ Church, will present Saint-Saens "Christ-

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Dec. 17, 1915
Non-Coal 014849
Notice is hereby given that Alfred L. Smith, of Cornell, Calif., who, on Feb. 16, 1915, made Homestead Entry, No. 014849, for NE¼ of SW¼, NW¼, SE¼, Section 7, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 o'clock A. M., on the 2nd day of Feb. 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: Wallace Thompson, of Cornell, Calif.; Nathan Wise, of 1900 Echo Park Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.; George E. Darling, of Cornell, Calif.; J. M. Bodle, of Cornell, Calif.
JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

No withdrawals.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Non-Coal 026783
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Nov. 12, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that Alice Elizabeth Bailey whose post-office address is Cornell, California, did, on the 12th day of June, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 026783, to purchase the NE¼ NE¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, One Hundred, the stone estimated at \$60, and the land \$40; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of January, 1916, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.
Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE.

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mas Oratorio," assisted by soloists Mrs. Bertha-Winslow-Vaughn, soprano; Mrs. Minne Hance, contralto; Mr. Henri La Bonte, tenor, and Mr. Joseph Porter, baritone, and the Christ Church choir. The public is invited. Program at 8 o'clock.

Cheaters

THERE is no escaping the charm of "The Bird of Paradise," which has come back to the Morosco theater for a short season. The years rest lightly on its brilliant plumage, and the story rather grows in interest as time passes. The plaintive music, exotic coloring and languorous atmosphere, combine to make it a hardy perennial in spite of its tropical birthplace. The production is as beautiful as ever, in fact it seemed to me that the volcanic finale had never been more effective, or its "atmosphere" more pronounced. The cast, however, does not measure up to former standards. While good to look upon, Carlotta Monterey is a decided disappointment as "Luana." Her interpretation is, at best, spotty; the spots being occasional interesting passages in a very monotonous performance. Possibly, the virile work of T. Jerome Lawlor as "the Beachcomber" is responsible for the seeming mediocrity of the others in the cast. His is a splendid performance, one that would shine brightly in any company. In the first act, especially, he completely dwarfs all the other characters. John Burton pleases as the missionary. The charm of "The Bird of Paradise" lies in the story and the production—the ensemble rather than in the individual interpretations. It is welcome different from the great bulk of theatrical offerings and it will prove a grateful means of entertainment to holiday audiences.

In "Peggy," the vehicle in which Miss Billie Burke makes her debut as a motion picture star, Thomas Ince has given us a picture play of rare charm and attractiveness. If it is a fair sample of what is to be offered at the Majestic theater under the Triangle regime, the future of that place of amusement is assured. It comes closer to the type of picture which will be universal in its appeal than anything I have seen for a long time, and it discloses photography that is the apex of the art. Miss Burke is delightful in the role of the little American hoyden of Scotch descent. In the earlier scenes she is particularly attractive, but in the more serious passages she is less satisfactory. There are too many "close-ups" and she plays to the camera too much but these faults are easily overlooked in the winsomeness of her personality. The real star of the offering is William H. Thompson. One feels grateful that motion pictures were invented before this excellent actor is called from us and so his splendid art may be preserved for future generations. It is enough to say that his work on the screen is of the same high order as that which has made his stage career one of rare distinction. For a few brief minutes the picture brings back Truly Shattuck as an attractive matron and it gives Donald Bruce a nice fat part as the Rev. Donald Cameron, which he plays in a wholesome and entertaining manner. There are numberless little touches in "Peggy" that declare the genius of Ince and make it distinctive and unusual. Its influence in popularizing the new Triangle home will be felt long after it has been shown there for the last time. "Peggy" is followed by a Keystone farce which displays a lot of big comedy stars in a manner which must have been as amazing to most of them as it was to the audience. How they do these stunts and live to tell the tale is a marvel.

—Maitland Davies

"Harmony" Bill at the Orpheum

On the principle that harmony is the thing most to be desired at Christmas time, the bill at the Orpheum this week is a winner. Judged by any other standard it is rather mediocre. It is chiefly notable because it is distinctly and typically an example of the sort of vaudeville popular. The bright spots are supplied by the same kind of amusement purveyors who have been doing the same sort of thing for years, and making audiences happy in the process. True, Claude Gillingwater is with us in a remarkably well-written sketch which so fashions the ancient situations of melodrama that their appeal seems fresh. Gillingwater is a natural actor of convincing power and he is given excellent support by Stella Archer and his company. The sketch, of course, concerns the past of a woman, who only sinned that she might save her husband,

but, nevertheless, it is a thing of decided merit. However, it was apparently welcomed principally as a landing place in the sea of melody and, certainly, it is not the most enthusiastically received turn of the bill. That honor must be divided between Dane Claudius and Lillian Scarlet, who make the audience sing with them, and James Diamond and Sybil Brennan, who make the audience laugh with them. Claudius and Scarlet play banjos with a swing that compels participation in the old tunes, the words of which are flashed on the screen in order that a younger generation may not wander too far from accepted text. Their turn is entitled "The Call of the Sixties," but it runs even farther back, to the old "Camptown Racetrack" that was a favorite before the Mexican war. James Diamond puts almost as many curves into his speech as he does into his contorting body but at that his fair companion seems to have the better of the argument when curves are considered. It is the usual line of vaudeville nonsense, well done. The Flying Werntz Duo have an aerial act that is fairly good, but comes too soon and too far after Dainty Marie of grateful memory. The Five Annapolis Boys,



Charles Richman, at Trinity

doubtless, base their claim to the title on the grounds of having sons old enough to be in Annapolis, if they only were. The "boys" sing for fifteen minutes without a pause for breath. Reine Davies admits on the program that she is a "fascinating comedienne" so there is no use quarreling with the designation. She cannot sing, although she tries, but she can wear stunning clothes and gets away with a line of songs that have a decided "kick." The Six Schiovanis close the bill with an acrobatic turn in nowise unusual. Sherman, Van and Hyman, the only holdovers, help out to the best of their considerable ability. They likewise are singers. Nor has Frankenstein of the orchestra forgotten it is Christmas week. He turns loose seven—count them—seven Christmas anthems that are far and away the best part of the program, musically.

"Bird of Paradise" in Second Week

Richard Walton Tully's delightful romance of Hawaii, "The Bird of Paradise," will begin its second and farewell week at the Morosco theater Sunday evening. This great play has proved one of the most popular ever produced in Los Angeles. Miss Carlotta Monterey, the new Luana, has made many friends on her first appearance here. A popular matinee will be given Wednesday and the last matinee will be New Year's day.

"Kick In" at the Burbank

No play of recent times has had so much realism crowded into it as "Kick In." Willard Mack's comedy-drama which is to be produced at the Burbank Theater next week, opening with the Sunday matinee. It is said that no act in any play has been made more real than the second in this drama, when several harassed unfortunates are trying to be rid of the body of a dead crook

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THE MOST TALKED OF PLAY OF THE CENTURY

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WILLARD MACK'S COMEDY-DRAMA

"KICK IN"

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Orpheum

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GLADYS HANSON in "THE PRIMROSE PATH"

and thus save themselves from being sent to prison for harboring a criminal. Florence Rockwell, Edmund Lowe and all the other Oliver Morosco Burbank players are to be seen in "Kick In," which, it is announced, will be given a performance the equal of that by Jack Barrymore and his company a year ago in New York.

Orpheum's Attractive Program

Little that is serious will find its way into the mid-holiday week bill at the Orpheum, which opens next Monday. Laura Nelson Hall, who has beauty as well as talent, will top the list in a delightful episode called "Demi-Tasse." While the play has a gripping heart interest it is still comedy and Miss Hall gives it the same light touch that has often been noted in her work. She was the creator of Everywoman in the play of that name. She has the help of Gaston Mervale as her leading man. Eduardo and Elisa Cassino, Spanish dancers to Alfonso XIII, will give Andalusian dances, in proper costume. "General" Ed Lavine, who has been a soldier all his life, is back from the front and will juggle anything from a cigarette paper to a cannon. The Three Leightons are always a welcome trio and they never fail to make a hit in their line of comedy. Lew Hawkins, the Chesterfield of minstrelsy, will again make his bow and

a minute." Head-on collisions between locomotives, a street car toppling into a canyon and things like that are mere incidents in this stupendous mirth-maker. It is claimed to be the most elaborate and expensive comedy ever filmed. In addition to this feature "Peggy," most charming of pictures, with Billie Burke and Wm. H. Thompson will be retained throughout the week.

Strong Theda Bara Role at Miller's

"Destruction," featuring Theda Bara in a "vampire" role is announced as the principal picture for next week at Miller's Theater. Although Miss Bara is said rather to regret the great hold her "vampire" characterizations have taken upon the public taste and to wish she might be featured in milder roles, it is as a "vampire" that she is best known and liked. Other pictures will supplement "Destruction" on the program at Miller's.

"Battle Cry of Peace" at Trinity

So many requests have been received by the management of Trinity Auditorium that "The Battle Cry of Peace" be held over for one more week in order that many people who have been busy with the Christmas rush may see it, that announcement is made that the remarkable film will be continued for a second week, with the regular two per-

formances daily. This picture is a most elaborate and earnest plea for the prevention of war, through preparedness, on the part of the United States. As a motion picture spectacle, "The Battle Cry of Peace" contains many remarkable features, among them the sinking of two American battleships, an illusion perfectly worked out, and a picture of lower Manhattan in flames. The entire personnel of the Vitagraph Company has been called upon in the production of the picture. Miss Norma Talmadge, with the remainder of her company who participated in the making of the film, will be present at Trinity Tuesday evening to see the picture.

Wallis School Annual Dancing Revue

One of the most popular and highly entertaining events of the season at Wallis School of Dramatic Art, serving to close the school year of 1915, was the annual dancing revue staged last Monday evening at Gamut theater. Representing more than two months of patient and zealous labor on the part of Chalmers Fithian, the faculty dancing instructor, and by the ballet consisting of eighty dramatic students, the work presented won enthusiastic encomiums from various professional spectators. Mlle. Curtyne Englar's grace and poise in the execution of difficult toe poses, the fresh youthful abandon of Miss Ryllis Barnes in character and modern dances, the daintiness of the Misses Jane Lyford, Bernadine Sheit, Welma Scherer, Marie Krug and Zenobia Ward and the novelty and cleverness of several of the "Wallis Kiddies," notably Betty Johnson and Byron Williams in "Texas Tommy," and tiny Beatrice Landenberger and Martin Barnes in the "Charlie Chaplin Walk," which captured the audience completely especially attracted comment. The ballet, an original conception of Chalmers Fithian's, reflected credit upon both creator and director, and the performers, the chief roles being danced by Mr. Fithian and Mlle. Curtyne Englar.

Screenings

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson says that instead of injuring the dramatic stage, the motion pictures will eventually be of great benefit to it, because it will be necessary for dramatic producers to offer material sufficiently good to withstand the competition of the silent plays.

Incidentally, a screen production of "Hamlet" will shortly be shown here with Sir Johnston in the role of the melancholy Dane. The picture was made in England some time ago; but by arrangement with the noted actor it was not to be shown in America until the completion of his farewell tour. Sir Johnston states that "parts of it are very beautiful; but there are others for which I do not care. The 'close' pictures do not please me. I am not sufficiently handsome to become a matinee screen idol."

When Billie Burke was playing "Peggy" before the camera at Inceville she found the lack of an audience a decided drawback and in some of the scenes had difficulty in "getting in the mood." Mr. Ince overcame this trouble through the judicious use of an orchestra and the delightful drollery of her knitting scene was largely due to an energetic orchestral attack of "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers."

It has been virtually decided by the more important producers that hereafter their big pictures will be given their first showing in Los Angeles instead of in the east. Two of the most notable productions of the season, "Peggy" and "The Ne'er-Do-Well" were given their first public view here this week and Geraldine Farrar in "Temptation" will be shown here a week before any other city in the country sees it.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

No. 12868. Dept. 2.

In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret Asbury, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, made on the first day of December, 1915, in the matter of the Estate of Margaret Asbury, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said Estate, will sell at private sale, in one parcel, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to the confirmation of said Court, on or after the 27th day of December, 1915, all the right, title and interest and estate of said Margaret Asbury, deceased, at the time of her death, which was title in fee simple in and to the property hereinafter described, and all the right, title and interest that said Estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased, at the time of her death, of, in and to that certain real property situate in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and

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particularly described as follows, to-wit: Lot 48 and the North 18 feet of Lot 49 of Block "E" of the McGarry Tract, in the City of Los Angeles, as per map recorded in Book 23 at page 69 of Miscellaneous Records of said County, in the office of the County Recorder.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent of the purchase-money to be paid at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale. Deed and certificate of title at the expense of purchaser. Purchaser to take subject to second half, 1915-1916 state, county and city taxes.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and left at the office of the undersigned, No. 336 Title Insurance Building, Los Angeles, California. Dated this 2nd day of December, 1915.

A. B. SHAW, JR.,
Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Minnie B. Wright, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Walter R. Wright, administrator of the estate of Minnie B. Wright, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Ralph A. Chase, 403 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California, hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1915.

WALTER R. WRIGHT,
Administrator.

By Ralph A. Chase, his attorney.
Date of first publication, November 27, 1915.



LAURA NELSON HALL, AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

Conrad and Conrad promise a novel act. Reine Davies, the comedienne, will remain from this week's bill as will also the Five Annapolis Boys. An innovation at the Orpheum will be two evening performances New Year's eve, December 31, starting at 7:30 and 9:30 p. m.

Geraldine Farrar at Quinn's Superba

Managers who are fortunate enough to book pictures which have long runs are generally confronted with a serious problem in securing an attraction to follow which will live up to the standard set by their predecessors. So it is with a great deal of satisfaction that J. A. Quinn announces that he has secured the notable Jesse L. Lasky production of "Temptation" with Geraldine Farrar in the stellar role, to follow "Damaged Goods" at Quinn's Superba theater next week. This is the second picture made by the famous prima donna during her stay here last summer and it is said by those who have seen it, to surpass anything this famous studio has turned out. The picture will be reviewed in next week's issue of The Graphic. For the remainder of this week "Damaged Goods" is the attraction at this theater.

"Primrose Path" at the Garrick

Gladys Hanson, the popular film star, will be seen in "The Primrose Path" at the New Garrick Theater next week. "The Primrose Path" is a strong photodrama with a gripping story and a forceful moral. It is said to afford Miss Hanson ample opportunities for her unusual talents.

Crooked to the End

For its holiday week attraction at the Majestic, the Triangle is offering Mack Sennett's sensational melodramatic comedy, "Crooked to the End," with Fred Mace and Anna Luther in the featured roles. Mr. Sennett considers this the most remarkable of all his productions. It has more thrills than most of the dramatic features and is said to contain more than the often-asserted "a laugh

formances daily. This picture is a most elaborate and earnest plea for the prevention of war, through preparedness, on the part of the United States. As a motion picture spectacle, "The Battle Cry of Peace" contains many remarkable features, among them the sinking of two American battleships, an illusion perfectly worked out, and a picture of lower Manhattan in flames. The entire personnel of the Vitagraph Company has been called upon in the production of the picture. Miss Norma Talmadge, with the remainder of her company who participated in the making of the film, will be present at Trinity Tuesday evening to see the picture.

Grand Opera at Popular Prices

Next Monday tickets will be placed on sale at Clune's Auditorium box office for the guarantors who by subscription have made possible the two weeks' season of La Scala Grand Opera Company which will open at that theater January 17. This sale will continue for one week, and opening January 3 tickets will be put on sale for those patrons desiring season or series tickets. Beginning January 6 tickets will be offered the general public for all performances. The orchestra of this company will be under the baton of that able conductor and musician, Chevalier F. Guerreri, with Augusto Sarentino as assistant. Alice Nielsen, popular from coast to coast, will be heard in three performances a week. She will appear in her best known roles, as Gilda in "Rigoletto," Mimi in "La Boheme," the title role of "The Secret of Susanne," which she created in this country, "Mme. Butterfly," and as a special novelty she will assume the three roles in "Love Tales of Hoffman," an opera in the interpretation of which she has scored many successes. Alice Gentle has been especially engaged for her vivid, interesting interpretation of "Carmen" and her equally lovely "La Tosca." Guiseppe Vogliotti, lyric tenor now with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, will be the prin-

Social & Personal

THIS coming week will be marked by a number of delightful parties given for and by the young men and women home from their school studies for the holiday season. Monday evening Miss Marion Wigmore will entertain with a dance at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Herbert Wigmore, on West Adams street. Tuesday evening Miss Eleanor Workman will be hostess at a similar affair at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle Workman, Ardmore street. That same evening Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Miller will entertain with a party at the Midwick Club, the affair being in honor of their son, Mr. Ted Miller, who is home from Connecticut, where he is attending college. Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch will give an elaborate party at the Los Angeles Country Club, Miss Eleanor Banning being the special guest of honor. Miss Margaret Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson of West Twenty-eighth street is planning a dancing party at her home that evening also. Thursday evening Mr. Lee Milbank, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank, will entertain with a dancing party, and Friday evening, New Year's Eve, any number of informal parties are planned.

Mr. and Mrs. David H. McCartney were host and hostess Tuesday evening at a delightful dinner-dance given at the Los Angeles Athletic Club in honor of Mrs. McCartney's brother, Mr. Owen Porter Churchill, who is home from Stanford for the holidays. The table was beautifully decorated with clusters of American Beauty roses and foliage, while at each place was a tiny handbox with corsage bouquets for the girls and boutonnières for the boys. Assisting Mr. and Mrs. McCartney were Mrs. Owen Humphrey Churchill and Mrs. Francis Pierpont Morgan. The guests invited were Miss Lucile Phillips, Miss Benny Flowerree, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Bessie Hill, Miss Marion Wigmore, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Helen Higgins, Miss Charlotte Winston, Miss Dorothy Davis, Miss Lucile Cliff, Miss Cecile Call, Miss Helen Hoover, Mr. Perry Wood, Mr. Robert Stephens, Mr. Tom Gabel, Mr. Arthur Adkinson, Mr. Clarence Neuner, Mr. Wheeler Chase, Mr. Lewis Torrance, Mr. Olin Wellborn, Mr. Walter Davis, Mr. John Jeffers and Mr. Stirling Jeffers.

Many friends this week welcomed the advent of Mrs. William Hamilton Toaz, formerly Miss Edith Herron, who has returned for a visit of several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus H. Herron. Mrs. Toaz, with her husband, Lieutenant Toaz, has been passing much of the last two years at Annapolis, New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Toaz at present is cruising, which gives his wife opportunity for a delightful visit here with her parents and friends.

Mrs. Edward Silent has returned from the north where she has been visiting for several weeks. She is the guest for the present of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Silent.

Among the several affairs this week in which the younger set participated was the attractively appointed dancing party which Miss Beatrice Finlayson gave for about sixty of her friends at the home of her parents, Judge and Mrs. Frank Finlayson, 500 Gramercy Place, Tuesday evening. The home was bright with quantities of flaming poinsettias and holly. The dining room which was used for dancing was decorated artistically in the same color scheme of red and green, while the pergola, which was canvassed, was also elaborately arranged in the Christmas colors and flowers. Miss Finlayson, who was assisted by her mother, had as her guests, Miss Katherine Torrance, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Agnes Britt, Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Miss Lucile Phillips, Miss Cecile Call, Miss Marion Wigmore, Miss Dorothea Whitman, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Evelyn Lantz, Miss Harvey Wallis, Miss Marjorie Tufts, Miss Sylvia Moore, Miss Jane Richardson, Miss Katherine Kirkpatrick, Miss Charlotte Winston, Miss Marie McCoy, Miss Byrd Wallis, Miss Ethelwin Lantz, Miss Helen Tandler, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Margaret Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mr. Herbert Stanton, Mr. Louis McCoy, Mr. Edwin Stanton, Mr. Clyde

Lee, Mr. Paul Herron, Mr. Arthur Bobrick, Mr. Dick Coleman, Mr. Asa Call, Mr. Alfred McQuire, Mr. William Coleman, Mr. Jo Banning, Mr. Louis McWhirter, Mr. Rob Miller, Mr. John McCoy, Mr. Arthur Atkinson, Mr. Parker Atkinson, Mr. Wheeler Chase, Mr. Forrester Chase, Mr. Jack O'Melveny, Mr. George Banning, Mr. George Wallace, Mr. Lewis Gabel, Mr. Overton Walsh, Mr. Harcourt Blades, Mr. Clyde Burr, Mr. Horace Scarborough, Mr. Ross Kirkpatrick, Mr. Robert Brant, Mr. Tom Gabel, Mr. Eugene Hawkins, Mr. Lewis Torrance, Mr. Preston Hotchkiss, Mr. Porter Brock, Mr. Chandler Barton, Mr. Robert Johnson and Mr. Charles Bayley.

Miss Rosemary Rollins, Miss Louise Forve and Miss Julia Hayward, all of this city, who are attending school in New York, will enjoy their holiday in Kentucky, where they are the guests of relatives of Miss Hayward. Owing to the shortness of their vacation period and the distance across the continent, the trio of friends decided not to try to make the long journey westward for their Christmas, but instead they will experience the delightful hospitality of the south, where a merry program of holiday pleasures is planned in their honor.

Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner of West Washington street, entertained with a luncheon, Monday, complimentary to Miss Molla Bjurstedt, Mrs. Bundy, Mrs. Orlando Bruce, Miss Florence Sutton, Miss Louise Burke, Mrs. W. S. Hook, Mrs. Walter Leeds, Mrs. Harry Robinson and Mrs. Jack Niven.

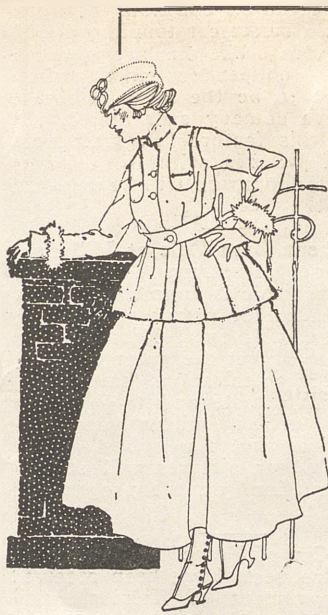
Tuesday evening Mrs. Michael J. Connell entertained with a moving picture theater party in honor of Master William Clark, Jr., who has recently returned with his parents from the east.

In honor of her daughter, Miss Ruth Dockweiler, Mrs. Isadore Dockweiler of 957 West Adams street will entertain Monday afternoon, December 27, with a pretty Christmas luncheon. The decorations will be particularly adapted to the season. There will be an immense tree and a sleigh with reindeers driven by Santa Claus. Any number of surprises in the way of snappers and favors will also be given. Those who will enjoy the occasion are Alice Hicks, Bernadine Murphy and her guest, Frances Hancock, Genevieve Meyer, Hortense McLaughlin, Anna Katherine Flint, Muriel Flint, Margaret McGarry, Dorothy Lillian Wellborn, Lillian Kahn, Susanne Bryant, and Leontine Bayer.

Invitations have been issued by the Hotel del Coronado for the New Year's Eve celebration, which will include the special dance divertissements. An enjoyable matinee dansant will also be given New Year's Day from four-thirty until six o'clock, following the opening polo match of the season. A large number of prominent Los Angeles society folk are planning to motor down to Coronado for this occasion, the opening event of the polo season being of special interest.

One of the most attractive of the many dinner parties given at the Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, Tuesday evening in connection with the doll auction, was that of which Miss Hancock Banning was hostess. Her guests included Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Lewis Munroe, Miss Eleanor Banning, Mr. Leo Welch, Mr. John Henry Newton, Mr. Tom Brown and Mrs. E. T. Earl. Carnations were used in the decorations.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Locke, of Berendo street formally announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Locke, to Mr. Sidney Carr Walker, of Holton, Kansas. The interesting news was first told to a party of Miss Locke's young friends, Tuesday afternoon, when Miss Locke entertained with a "shower" for Miss Margaret Hanna, of Pasadena, whose marriage to Mr. Ralph Whittaker of Bakersfield is scheduled to take place next June. The form of announcement was most unique. A Christmas tree laden with gifts for Miss Hanna was a feature of the afternoon and the final distribution of gifts handed to Miss Hanna, contained the announcement cards. Miss Locke is the third daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Locke, and the young people first met at Stanford University, from which they



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were both graduated last June. Mr. Walker is the son of a well known banker of Holton, Kansas, where the young couple will probably make their home. No date has yet been set for the marriage and it will probably not take place until after the marriage of Miss Margaret's sister, Miss Ruth Locke, whose engagement was recently announced to Dr. William Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Spaulding who recently opened their beautiful home in Beverly Hills for the winter, have had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Lorrain Mackey of San Francisco.

Miss Eleanor Banning, the charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, and now enjoying her first season in society, is being much feted. A brilliant dinner-dance will be given in honor of Miss Banning, Wednesday evening, December 29, by Mrs. Allan C. Balch. Cards were recently sent out for the affair, which will be given at the Los Angeles Country Club. Miss Banning also will be the guest of honor at a large party to be given New Year's Eve at the Midwick Country Club, Miss Alice Elliott being hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hellman entertained Saturday evening last with a handsomely appointed dinner party at their home on Harvard boulevard. The decorations were suggestive of the Christmas season. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth, Mrs. A. Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Toll, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Balch and Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dunn.

New Year's eve will be the occasion of a merry celebration at the Midwick Club. Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner and Mrs. Granville MacGowan will be in charge of the festive program. Fancy costumes are to be given the guests, who will not know until their arrival of the details of the evening's entertainment. An unusually enjoyable program will be given.

Mrs. Edward C. Bosbyshell and little daughter, who have been passing a few weeks at Arrowhead were joined there by Mr. Bosbyshell for a recent weekend, the latter having motored to the attractive resort.

Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori and daughter, Miss Rosemary Sartori, returned home recently from a stay of several days at Arrowhead.

Miss Marjorie Oughton of La Jolla has returned to her home after a few days visit in this city as the guest of

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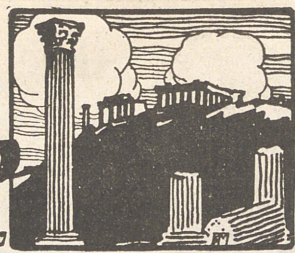
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutton and also of Miss Florence Sutton. Miss Oughton was accompanied home by her brother, Mr. Burchell Oughton, who has just returned from the trenches in France, where he was injured and relieved from active service while convalescing.

Date for the wedding of Miss Marjorie Tufts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Tufts, and Mr. Arthur Lusk Trowbridge will probably be set for a day in April. Mr. Trowbridge is expected to arrive in Los Angeles in Feb-

(Continued on page 11)



Art



By Mary M. Du Bois

THERE are two exhibitions at the Museum, Exposition Park quite diverse in the manner of seeing things, diverse in handling, in color and aim. One aims for the fleeting impressions of nature, therefore, he paints with rapid and easy freedom, boldly in such colors as suggest atmosphere, light and movement, especially light, brilliant and vivid. The other man in quiet and dignified refinement, with the scale of color limited by the confines of the studio. But whether painted in broken color or in broad masses, in quiet tones or vibrant color, what care we if each artist expresses himself, interpreting nature as he himself sees it.

There is versatility surely in Oliver N. Chaffee's sixty paintings. True to one of the theories of impressionism, he is freed from the trammels of the traditional subject. A peasant's cart, a colonial church spire, a still life, a red-headed girl or a quiet scene in Haarlem seem alike paintable to him. Oils are here, landscape, portrait, refined, subtle or garish one uninitiated would be inclined to say. Still life and landscapes in water-color are here with all the crispness and transparency that medium requires, eschewing the opaque colors so generally seen of recent years in the water-color exhibitions in the east.

On the north wall are New England scenes in juicy, tonal effects, enlivened with broken tones of pure color veiled in subtle and delicate grays. "Spring" has captured all the haunting and elusive qualities of that delightful season of the year when spring fever assails us along with the desire to grab fishing rod and reel and go forth to commune with nature in her most captivating mood. Warm, vibrating sunshine is in the atmosphere, a gentle restlessness that makes all man-made things seem distasteful and brings to the surface die wanderlust that lies deep within us all.

Then turn to "New England Garden." It glows with sunshine. So much of it has he caught that one might fancy it a bit of our own sunny land. The remaining group on this wall are in silvery tones, beautiful and shadowy, in contrast to the colorful impressions on the opposite wall. Stand far away and see how they glow and sparkle with color. Notice the vibrant quality of those pure reds, yellows and blues. How they carry in contrast to the gray tones lovely as these are on closer inspection! Especially is this true in "Provincetown, Autumn" and how delightful the arrangement in color, "The Doorway!"

Drawing is somewhat sacrificed for light and atmosphere making several of them seem a bit unsubstantial, but who would cavil at a small sacrifice when such vivacious, colorful impressions are produced? That he is capable of good drawing is shown in his "Portrait Study" and "Red Haired Girl." Both show strongly Henri's influence—that of his early manner. The Holland series are delightful—lovely, crisp and spicy, freshly, broadly painted without the glowing quality of light which animates his later paintings. His still life canvases are delightful, vivid arrangements in color and harmonious withal.

Mr. Chaffee as can clearly be seen in his work has traveled the regular route of the present day American painter. Born in Detroit he studied under McGies, later with Henri, Chase, Kenneth Miller and Charles Hawthorne, topped off with study of Italy, France, Holland and Germany. At present he has a studio in San Diego and will presently open one in New York City.

* * *

The second exhibitor is John Hubbard Rich who has maintained a studio in Los Angeles for five or six years. He shows ten portraits. That of "Cornelia de Haaf" is suggestive of out-door atmosphere. The subject is a little girl seated on a garden bench against a background of sun-flecked foliage. A cluster of pale pink roses is held in her arms. The face is well modeled and the flesh tints show well the lavender seen in youthful flesh. Throughout this portrait as in all Mr. Rich's there is sincerity, quiet tonality, and a fine feeling for textures painted in fresh coloring.

One of the most compelling portraits is that of "Miss Fannie Bixby." Simply, directly and quietly a most interesting

personality is presented to us. An unobtrusive background, a simple waist well painted, an interesting face strongly drawn and, dominating the whole canvas quietly yet powerfully, the personality of the sitter. A good piece of work this. The "Blue Kimona" shows us a slender young girl clad in a blue kimona wistfully regarding herself in a mirror as she combs her luxuriant brown hair. The suggestion of the figure beneath the kimona is excellent as is the modeling of the face and arms. Mr. Rich is a painter whose growth the art lovers of Los Angeles are watching with interest and faith.

* * *

Miss Leta Horlocker, who has a studio in Blanchard Hall, kindly consented to tell me something of her hopes and plans for the Arts and Crafts Salon which is to be held later in Los Angeles, the place and date to be announced later. Miss Horlocker who is chairman of the committee on pottery and ceramics designs to gather a collection of specimens of pottery and the ceramic art from the best workers of the east and our own locality. This exhibition she hopes to make of practical use to architects as well as an inspiration to our own workers. She has invited Mrs. Dorothy Warren O'Hara of New York City to send examples of her wonderful enamels. All lovers of this talented woman's work will be delighted with this opportunity to see once more her delightful pieces. The Altar Club of Chicago has also been invited to send its work. Minneapolis will be represented by H. Barclay Paist. The Sophie Newcomb College of New Orleans, famous for its beautiful pottery and textiles is asked to send an exhibition to be presented as a school collection.

* * *

Among our local potters Louis Rhead of Santa Barbara, Mr. Bachelder of Pasadena, Mr. Robertson of Los Angeles, Mr. Linderotti of the Alhambra, ceramic works and many others will show their work. From the middle west the Wheatley Pottery of Chicago, Mrs. Perry, of Detroit, it is hoped, will show her Pewabic tiles, the Handicraft Guild of Minneapolis and from far away Grand Forks, North Dakota will come another interesting collection. The Paul Revere, Volkmar, and Rockwood potteries will also be asked to contribute and last but not least Mrs. L. Vance Phillips who through her Chautauqua work has done so much to stimulate the interest in and growth of pottery and ceramics in this country.

Social and Personal

(Continued from page 10)

ruary and will remain until after the wedding when he and his bride will go east to make their permanent home. The wedding will take place in St. John's Episcopal Church and will be a society event of much interest owing to the prominence of the family of the young bride-elect. Mr. Trowbridge is a New York man, having interests also in Morlton, Long Island. The young couple met several years ago, when both were traveling abroad.

Mr. Lee Milbank, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank will entertain Thursday evening, December 30, with a dancing party for a number of his college friends. The affair will be given at the home of his parents on Country Club Drive.

Mr. Carroll W. Gates and his daughter, Miss Florence Gates have been enjoying a week of shopping and pleasure in New York, prior to the Christmas holiday. While in New York they were guests at the Hotel Astor.

Mrs. Samuel Haskins and baby daughter, Janet, have recently returned from a three weeks' visit with Mrs. John G. Johnston of San Francisco.

Mrs. Robert Jones Burdette of Sunnycrest, Pasadena, will be at home the first Tuesday evening of each month during the winter season.

Miss Margaret Goetz will be at home the second Sunday evenings of January and February at her new residence, 677 Valencia street, corner of Ingraham.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Oviatt Ellsworth of Oak Knoll, Pasadena, of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dolly Ellsworth to

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Mr. Horace Donnell. The interesting news was first told at a dainty luncheon given by Mrs. Robert Ladd Gifford of Oak Knoll. The betrothal is of special moment in local society circles, owing to the prominent of the two families in Southern California, and to the popularity of the couple in the younger circles of Los Angeles and Pasadena. No date for the wedding has been announced as yet.

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Frank W. Cuprien—14 marines—Kanst Gallery, 854 South Hill.
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Books

ANOTHER sign that historical romance is to bid for popular favor, if not for the commanding position it occupied a few years ago, at least for an equality with other lines of fiction in attracting readers, is to be found in Mary Johnson's latest offering, "The Fortunes of Garin," in which the author goes back to the last quarter of the twelfth century for her period and then courageously gives us an unconventional romantic heroine, a princess who in youth is called "the ugly" but who before her final interview with Richard Coeur-de-Lion, which is the book's climax, has become known as "the wise." It is rather a delight to read a romantic novel in which the princess heroine is neither superlatively beautiful nor entirely silly. Essentially a story of action, spirited and entertaining, "The Fortunes of Garin" is not merely a novel of plot. It tells of a time of glowing color and brilliant background and of a great lady who really seems great, not requiring simple acceptance of the author's statement of what she is. If all stories of the romantic age had been as entertaining as this one of Mary Johnson's the vogue of this class of fiction, doubtless, would never have declined. ("The Fortunes of Garin." By Mary Johnson. Houghton, Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

Civil War Story

This one, however, is different from the usual run of war stories. It is laid in Ohio and Virginia, and well illustrates how, at the beginning of the war, friends and families became divided, especially along the border. But the chief peculiarity of the story is of a dual personality. When Dick Devereux was a boy he suffered a severe shock which caused his sub-conscious self to become uppermost and his real personality was submerged. This persisted for many years when a reverse shock brought him to himself so that he resumed his former existence, with a long hiatus between. This occurred several times in his younger life and caused him much trouble and embarrassment, especially when he made love to different girls in his different personalities. Fortunately, when he suffered one of these transitions, he usually wandered off to a community where he was unknown. As Dick Devereux he is found fighting bravely for the North, and when he is ignominiously thrown on his head from a horse and becomes Ernest Cranshaw, he is revealed as of peaceful and artistic temperament with Confederate tendencies, which almost result in his execution as a spy. As Dick he falls desperately in love with Lucy Oglesby, a charming Virginia belle, and as Ernest he discovers himself unwittingly engaged to Melissa Tompkins. However, Melissa wearies waiting for him and the field is left clear for Lucy. There are the usual hated rival and warmest friend, desperate and bloody fighting and other necessary concomitants of a war story. The final merging of the two characters is somewhat clouded, although it is effected successfully. ("Dick Devereux." By David Tod Gilliam. Stewart & Kidd Co. Bullock's.)

Trusts and Competition

"Trusts and Competition" by John Franklin Crowell, is a valuable addition to McClurg's Social Science Series. It is admittedly difficult for an authority to treat a subject like the trusts without such bias for or against the institution as to vitiate his exposition, but Dr. Crowell has accomplished the difficult feat of steering between undue praise and over-severe condemnation. That "big business" has serious faults he admits, but he deems that the remedy for these difficulties is not to be found in attempting to do away with the trust but in its proper regulation and supervision by the government. He sees a "way out" without resorting to the extreme measures demanded by certain "reformers," and so his book is distinctly optimistic in tone. Dr. Crowell treats his subject thoroughly and expertly. It is surprising what a vast amount of ground he is able to cover in the one hundred and seventy-five small pages allotted to him. The book is free from technicalities so that anyone is able to read it with enjoyment and profit. Like the other

books in this series, "Trusts and Competition" is adequately indexed and a bibliography is furnished which is not so cumbersome as to discourage one who seeks to learn more concerning this important problem. ("Trusts and Competition." By John Franklin Crowell. A. C. McClurg & Co. Bullock's.)

"The New Citizenship"

One of the most interesting art movements of recent years is the consistent series of efforts by public-spirited men to dignify democracy through the employment of the pageant. This is a distinct outgrowth of the feeling that the masses of the people are inclined to take for granted the liberties and privileges they enjoy, without realizing what they cost or sufficiently honoring the great leaders who were in the van when the battles for those liberties and privileges were fought and won. In "The New Citizenship," Percy Mackaye has sought to put into form a suggestion from which may be evolved a civic ritual, designed primarily to impress upon the minds of newly naturalized citizens, the value of their admission to full membership in the republic. Mr. Mackaye modestly disclaims any idea that he has said the last word on the subject, remarking in his preface that the work is the result of conferences of the Citizenship Day Committee of New York. The ritual, which may be made as elaborate or as simple as the resources of the community employing it afford, introduces Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Wilson with excerpts from their most profound speeches, and then shows what the incoming citizens can bring to the commonwealth in arts and crafts. The value of the ritual lies in its adaptability, and the public spirit prompting it is displayed in the fact that permission to use it may be obtained upon application to the author through his publishers. ("The New Citizenship." By Percy Mackaye. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

Magazines of the Month

Henry van Dyke has a notable bit of prose, "The Antwerp Road," in the handsome holiday number of Scribner's. Many of the illustrations of the December issue are in colors, notably those of James B. Connolly's excellent story, "The Medicine Ship." There is a ballad of revolutionary days in "The Ride of Tench Tilghman," by Clinton Scollard; Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, E. Sutton, Madison Cawein, William Hervey Woods and John Finley contribute poems and among the stories and articles are "Jeanne, the Maid" by Gordon Arthur Smith, "The Very Lilac One" by Mary R. S. Andrews, "Her Own Sort" by Charles Belmont Davis, "Coming Home" by Edith Wharton, "M. Le Cure's Lunch-Party" by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, "The Jade" by Abbie Carter Goodloe, "When Payne Wrote 'Home! Sweet Home!'" by Thatcher T. Payne Luquer, and "The First-Born" by Katherine Holland Brown.

"What Sea Power Means to England" is the title of an important article by A. C. Laut in the December issue of the Review of Reviews. Frank H. Simonds continues his excellent articles on the progress of the war, writing of "A Month of Diplomacy and Battle." Ernest P. Bicknell, director of the American Red Cross tells "The True Story of Belgian Relief." In addition to many excellent articles on the war there are to be found "A Parcel-Post Library System" by Fred L. Holmes and "Buffalo's Non-Partisan Government" by M. M. Wilner. Dr. Albert Shaw, in his editorial comment, supplements war reflections with authoritative remarks on the elections, current politics and questions before the new congress.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30638

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.
In the Matter of the Estate of Mary E. Crowell, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Crowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased or said estate to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the state



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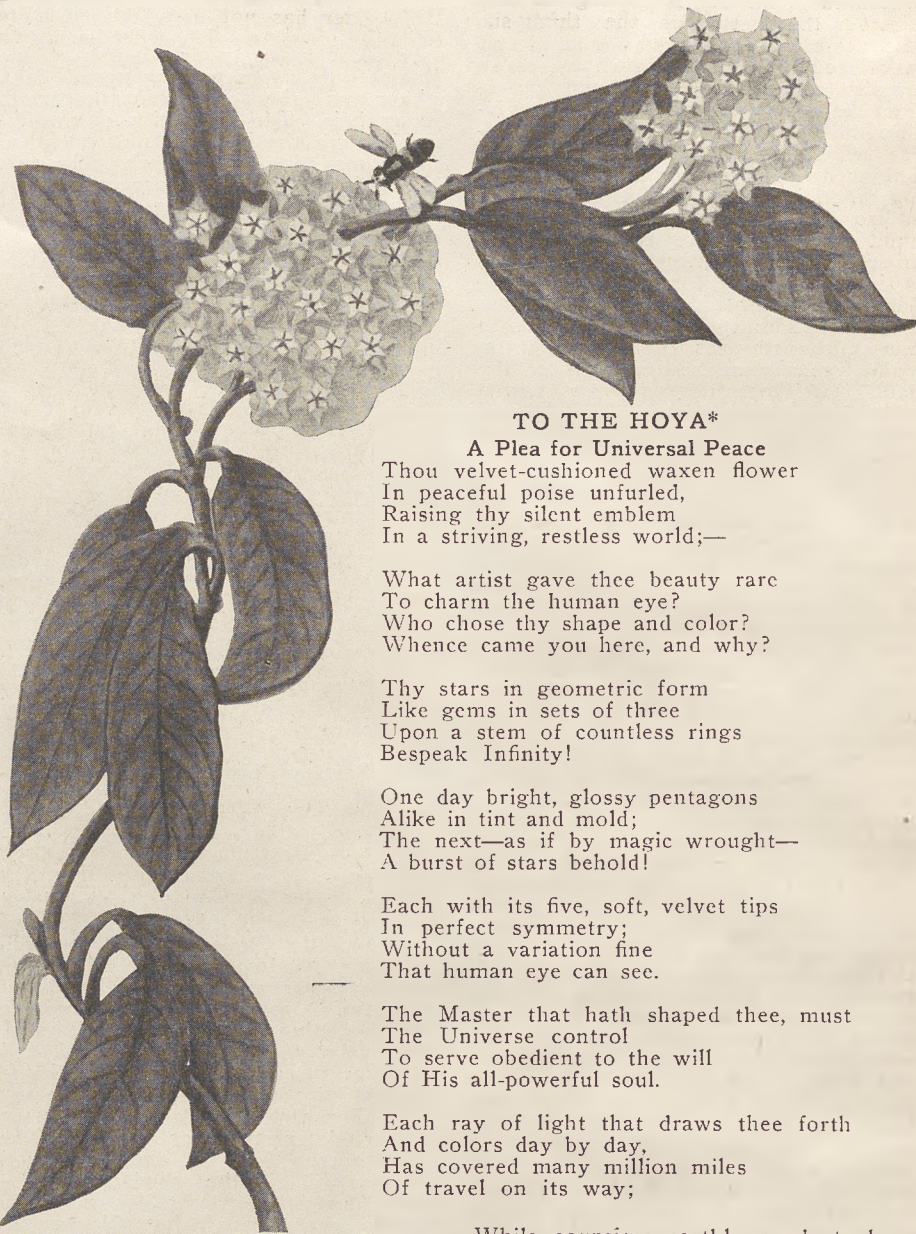
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In peaceful poise unfurled,
Raising thy silent emblem
In a striving, restless world;—

What artist gave thee beauty rare
To charm the human eye?
Who chose thy shape and color?
Whence came you here, and why?

Thy stars in geometric form
Like gems in sets of three
Upon a stem of countless rings
Bespeak Infinity!

One day bright, glossy pentagons
Alike in tint and mold;
The next—as if by magic wrought—
A burst of stars behold!

Each with its five, soft, velvet tips
In perfect symmetry;
Without a variation fine
That human eye can see.

The Master that hath shaped thee, must
The Universe control
To serve obedient to the will
Of His all-powerful soul.

Each ray of light that draws thee forth
And colors day by day,
Has covered many million miles
Of travel on its way;

While countless earthly products born
Of centuries ago,
Today form nature's storehouse rich
In food to help thee grow.

Each drop of drink is wafted far
From out a boundless sea;
And winged clouds in circles
Drop their nourishment to thee.

When honey-bee comes humming nigh
To draw and drink and live,
Thou dost in turn unsparingly
Of thy rich bounty give.

And when dark canopy of night
Enfolds thy beauty rare,
Then dost thou waft in sweet perfume
Thy nectar on the air;

Fulfilling the unfailing law
Through nature everywhere:—
All that exist and good receive
Must just as freely share.

No longer need I question now
Whence came you here, and why!
I know the One who made thee fair
Made also human eye.

Formed Man above all nature, crowned
A soul with liberty
To look beyond things temporal
And span eternity.

O, Master-mind, whose words create,
Whose hand in loving role
Patterns each tiny shell or flower
A symbol of the whole,

Retouch the eyes of blinded man,
Tune deafened ears once more;
Calm his discordant erring mind
Ensnared by strife and war;

Then would he like the flower unfold
Thy purpose to fulfill;
And earth would be a symphony
Of peace and of good will.

—ESTELLE M. WILLIAMSON
*(Wax Plant)

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of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the offices of Messrs. Gray, Barker & Bowen, attorneys at law, 1029 Title Insurance Building, in the city of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, state of California, which is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said county.

Dated this 11th day of December, 1915 (being the date of the first publication hereof.)

UNION TRUST and SAVINGS BANK,

Executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Crowell, deceased.
Gray, Barker & Bowen, Attorneys for

In the World of Amateur Sports

TWO holidays coming close together are likely to mean lively doings on the country club golf courses for the next two week ends. Special Christmas events have been arranged for all the clubs. Two competitions will be put on at the Los Angeles Country Club. This morning eighteen hole medal play is being held and this afternoon the program calls for eighteen-hole match handicap against par. A handsome cup will be presented to the player making the best eighteen holes out of the thirty-six. Midwick's plans call for a ball sweepstakes today. At Annandale two prizes are offered for what is to be known as the "holiday tournament," to start Christmas and be completed New Year's day, eighteen hole play on each day. The cups are offered to the golfer making the best choice score and to the one having the best net score. Nearly one hundred players have entered for the affair. Best ball foursome against par is the program for Christmas day at the San Gabriel club.

Team matches have been put over until after the holidays. January 1 the Point Loma team will meet the Coronado team over the Coronado course but the first team match in this vicinity will not be until January 5, when Orange is to play Los Angeles Country Club on the latter's course. Following this first match there will be from two to four team matches every Saturday and Sunday until the Southern California season is played out.

H. B. Lamb was the winner in Class A in the regular ball sweepstakes at the Los Angeles Country Club last Saturday in match play against par, having three up on 1 handicap. W. F. Bickler won in Class B. He was even, having a 7 handicap. Lamb has been displaying unusual golf form this fall. He is a member of Midwick as well as Los Angeles, but probably will be seen on the team of the latter club this year. A match against bogey was played at Midwick last Saturday, with F. B. Lindsley the winner with an 8 up. He had a handicap allowance of 9. Crane Gartz and Alexander MacDonald tied for second place, each with 7 up. Gartz played with a handicap of three and MacDonald was given six. Aside from the interest in the R. A. Fowler cup competition, golfers had a Saturday sweepstakes to think about at San Gabriel, with a large entry list. W. F. Marmian was winner. He made the course in 94 and pulled out a victory by virtue of a handicap allowance of 14, giving him a net 76, two points better than M. C. Meyers and F. M. Berry, who tied for second, each with net 78. Meyers' handicap was ten and Berry's twelve. At Annandale E. N. Wright and A. C. Volk tied in the handicap match play against par with 2 up. Wright had a handicap of four and Volk of 8.

William W. Bacon was the winner of the R. A. Fowler cup golf play at San Gabriel Country Club this week, defeating P. A. Coons in the final match, played Wednesday. Bacon's victory was secured by only 1 up and the match was nip and tuck all the way through. This is Bacon's second win of the Fowler cup and one more victory will give him permanent possession of the trophy, which is put in competition annually.

Considerable interest has been excited in the south by the announcement of the engagement of that famous northern golfer, Harry H. B. Davis to Mrs. Sawyer-Gillison, also of San Francisco. The announcement was made at Santa Barbara. Mrs. Sawyer-Gillison is also a golfer, but while she had played in many tournaments she has never attained the prominence of her prospective husband.

Drawing Fine Lines on Amateurs

If the governing bodies which control amateur sports in this country decide at their conference next week in New York to adopt the recommendations of the executive advisory committee of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America many stars of the tennis and golf world will receive severe jolts to their standings and possibly to their pocketbooks. The suggestions which are to be furnished to the delegates at the conference are, on the whole, excellent and likely to help preserve the purity of amateur athletics, particularly intercollegiate contests, but not all of them are directed at the schools and colleges. For instance, it is proposed that a person shall cease to be an amateur "by granting or permitting the use of one's name to advertise or promote the sale, or as the actual salesmanship of

sporting goods, prizes, trophies or other commodities for use chiefly in or in connection with athletic games or exhibitions." How many tennis rackets are there which are named for famous players? There are the McLoughlin, the Sutton, the Dougherty, the Whitney and a score of others. In lesser degree the names of amateur golf champions figure on articles for use in that sport, but as the more famous golfers, like Travers, Ouimet and company, are professionals, the matter has not been carried quite so far as in tennis. Just what harm this particular practice does is hard to see. Considering the financial sacrifices which many amateurs have to make in order to compete in and add popularity to their favorite sports, the accepting of such a perquisite as that involved in allowing a tennis racket to be named for one, does not seem the deadliest of crimes.

To Put Riverside on Polo Map

From present indications Midwick will not be represented in the Jessop cup polo tournament at Coronado, opening January 1, and the only visiting team at Coronado will be the Riverside aggregation, which is going down with the avowed intention of showing that Riverside has a real polo club. The team will be composed of H. G. Pattee, No. 1; Alvin Untermyer, No. 2; Hugh Drury, No. 3; and Col. Max Fleischman, back. For Coronado the probable lineup will include Steve Velie, Thomas LeBoutillier, Lieut. Thomas Milling and Capt. McNally or Major Ross. However, if the members of the Meadowbrook Club of New York who are reported as ready to start west, arrive in time there will be a third team in the tournament, composed, probably, of Thomas LeBoutillier, Malcolm Stevenson, Perry Readleston and C. S. Hacksher.

Tennis Tournament at Long Beach

Next week the second annual midwinter tennis tournament of the Southern California Tennis Association will be held on the courts of the Hotel Virginia at Long Beach. The schedule for the tournament calls for men's singles, men's doubles, women's singles, women's doubles and mixed doubles. Prizes will be awarded the winners in each event and the usual rule of best two out of three matches will govern in everything but the finals of the men's singles, when the customary best three out of five will prevail. The tournament will be in charge of a committee composed of Eugene A. Warren, chairman, Simpson M. Sinsabaugh, Frank Donley, Edwin R. McCormack and Claude A. Wayne.

Sees Federation of the World Looming

742 Market St., San Francisco, Dec. 22, 1915. To the Editor: You say: "There will be no peace until the spirit of democracy is ascendant or is ruthlessly crushed." Is it not true that the spirit of democracy is today ascendant among the proletarians of Europe; and that this has been one of the moving causes, having for its effect the fratricidal war which was precipitated by the rulers and the aristocracies, to the end of staying the growth and spread of the spirit of democracy by which were menaced rule of autocracy buttressed by bureaucracy, and the concomitant exploitation of the masses? Is it conceivable that the ultimate of this awful holocaust of human slaughter, with its attendant woes and horrors among those left at, what was once, home—can be anything other than the obliteration of kingcraft, and the establishment of popular rule, as means to prevent a recurrence of such a saturnalia of fire and blood? May not Tennyson's dream of "the parliament of man, in the federation of the world," become a blessed reality, after Europe shall have emerged from her baptism of blood? Contemplating this as an eventuality, how shamefully inconsistent that the great democracy of the New World threatens itself with the incubus of militarism imported from the wreck of the Old World militaristic "Frankenstein."

JOHN AUBREY JONES

Current School Notes

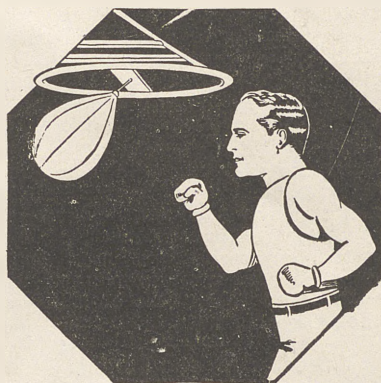
Numbers by Mendelssohn, Brahms, Liadow, Liszt and Loelly made up an attractive pre-holiday piano recital at the Westlake School for Girls by Nola Landrum Stagers, talented protegee of Leslie Marsh. Supplementing the musical program was an interesting delineation of the life and characteristics of the artists represented.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK Los Angeles

Chamber of Commerce recommends survey for system of boulevards encircling city.

Sheriff Cline wins suit over buying of food for county jail prisoners.

Supervisors agree to build air-line boulevard from Los Angeles to Santa Monica.

W. J. Burns is last witness for prosecution in trial of M. A. Schmidt for Times dynamiting.

California

Cattle rustlers captured in Imperial Valley.

Santa Monica proposed water bonds defeated.

San Francisco Chinese renew protest against monarchy in China.

California crops in 1915 set new record.

United States

President Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt married.

Drastic tone in United States' second note to Austria on sinking of Ancona.

Court refuses to quash indictments against New Haven railroad directors.

Col. E. M. House sent to Europe on second mission as president's special envoy.

Foreign

English withdraw large force from Gallipoli.

German-Turkish smash on Egypt begun.

British premier and cabinet members plead for support of labor and finance in prosecuting war.

Gen. Villa agrees to leave Mexico and allow his army to surrender to Carranza.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30804

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the matter of the estate of D. W. Kirkland, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor and executrix of the last will and testament of D. W. Kirkland, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased or said estate, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor and executrix at the offices of Messrs. Gray, Barker & Bowen, attorneys at law, 1029 Title Insurance Building, in the city of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, state of California, which is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said county.

Dated this 11th day of December, 1915, (being the date of the first publication hereof.)

MARY CATHARINE KENNEDY,
H. O. TROWBRIDGE,

Executors of the last will and testament of D. W. Kirkland, Deceased.
Gray, Barker & Bowen and Delger Trowbridge, Attorneys for Executors.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Dec. 13, 1915.

Non-Coal 016197
Notice is hereby given that Frank H. Thew, of 1352 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., who, on August 20, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016197, for E½ NW¼, and W½ NE¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9 a. m., on the 26th day of January, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Andrew Humphrey, Hal Vaughan, both of Cornell, Calif.; Laura A. McLellen, of 5437 Sierra Vista St., Los Angeles, Cal.; B. O. Thew, of 1352 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.



ALTHOUGH Christmas week ordinarily means dull times on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, and this one has been no exception to the rule, Los Angeles Investment's jumps have kept up interest, even if trading in all lines has been apathetic. For the first few days of the week Los Angeles Investment recorded a new high at every exchange session. At present it stands at 58½ cents, twenty full points above the quotations obtaining a few weeks ago. There appears no definite reason for this advance beyond a general restoration of business confidence and a feeling that the affairs of the company are being satisfactorily adjusted. Other industrials which were active were Producers Transportation, now ruling at \$80.25-\$82.50, and Home Telephone preferred, which remains at \$62.

Returning prosperity was reflected, also, by a much stronger tone in the bank stocks, many of which recorded higher bids, although sales were limited. First National advanced to bid \$625. One week ago the highest bids were \$608. Bids on Farmers and Merchants National have advanced twelve points within a week, the bid price at present being \$312. Other bank stocks have gained in proportion.

Tom Reed has been the most active mining security. The stock seems to be on its way back to the quotation of \$2.55 which prevailed two months ago. At present it is in good demand close to \$2. The flurry in Tom Reed was caused by the passing of a dividend last month for the first time in five years and at one time this month it was forced down to \$1.20. Other Oatman stocks have been quiet. There are now seventy-five incorporated companies owning properties in the Tom Reed-Gold Roads district and investors appear inclined to let development work show which are the best propositions before investing heavily.

In the oil stocks Associated has displayed a slight weakness but the other high-priced issues have held firm. Union holds to quotations above \$70. Rice Ranch and Olinda are two stocks which are attracting considerable attention and are gaining slowly. Bonds maintain a strong tone, although the confidence of investors has been slightly shaken by the action of the San Diego Home Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company of San Diego in defaulting on the interest on their bonds due December 15. It is believed that a thorough reorganization of the companies will be necessary to straighten out their affairs and it is said an assessment on stock is contemplated.

Banks and Bankers

So rapid has been the growth of the Los Angeles chapter of the American Institute of Banking that it is announced the membership has passed the four hundred mark. The only educational course attempted by the local chapter this year is its law course, for which it was anticipated 150 persons probably would enroll, but the actual number turned out to be 294. The course is conducted in cooperation with the law school of the University of California, under the direction of Claire S. Tappan and so large is the class that it has been found necessary to divide it. Officers and directors of the chapter are as follows: president, W. H. Thompson, National Bank of California; vice-president, W. D. Otis, Security Trust and Savings Bank; secretary, W. N. Bucklin, Jr., Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank; treasurer, F. C. Bold, Farmers and Merchants National Bank; directors, Walter Bridwell, Leo S. Chandler, W. A. Ellis, A. W. Fry, George S. Green, Fred Healy, George S. Pickrell, J. H. Ramboz and P. R. Williams.

Jones & Baker, New York brokers, have issued the following interesting average history of mines: First, the discovery of a vein or ore body; second, organization of a company whose shares in the excitement of the strike sell up to unwarranted levels; third, development of the property, which usually requires much time and money; fourth, excitable shareholders become discouraged

and dump their stocks on the market, causing a sharp decline in the stock; fifth, mine becomes a small producer, but the market responds only slightly on account of the selling of disappointed shareholders; sixth, mine becomes a large producer and the market value of stock advances to prices yielding large speculative profits to those who bought the stock in the fourth and fifth periods; seventh, mine becomes a dividend payer and is widely recommended for its investment return by conservative investment houses.

United States banks will help Yucatan, Mexico, hemp growers market their product through a commission appointed by the governor of Yucatan. A ten million dollar credit has been established in New York and New Orleans to make advances on bills of lading and warehouse receipts.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Standard Oil of California has been attracting great attention on the New York Stock Exchange and throughout the east. It is now quoted close to \$350, and recent remarkable advances are based on rumors of a 100 per cent stock dividend to be declared early next year. Many estimates place earnings of the company for the year which will end December 31 at \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 or about 40 per cent on the \$49,686,655 capital stock outstanding. This compares with 20.24 per cent last year. On this basis Standard Oil of California would show an accumulated surplus at the end of this year of \$60,000,000 to \$65,000,000 and there would be left a balance in profit and loss surplus of from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 after payment of the \$50,000,000 stock dividend.

Victor Talking Machine Company has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 5 per cent on the common and 1¼ per cent on the preferred stock, payable January 15 to stock of record December 31.

Reporting current business as the best in the history of the road General Manager Levy of the Western Pacific declares that with construction of feeder branch lines now projected there will be no difficulty in obtaining enough business to provide for all operating expenses and bond interest.

This will be a joyous Christmas on Wall street. Many firms which cut the salaries of their employees when the war put a damper on business are now planning to make the men presents of the back pay lost in hard times.

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe has declared the usual semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent, payable February 1 to holders of record December 31.

According to a statement of President Hill the American Tobacco Company has earned enough this year to pay the declared dividend of 20 per cent and still have a surplus of \$30,000,000 in the bank, together with loan assets of \$5,000,000.

It is stated that the volume of business handled by both the Western Union and the Postal for 1915 will exceed any previous year in the history of the concerns.

Reo Motor Car Company has declared a regular quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent on the common stock, payable January 10 to holders of record December 31.

Last week the Pacific Mutual Home Office Agency force, of which John Newton Russell, Jr., is manager, enjoyed a luncheon and winners in the September agents' contest were awarded prizes. There were fifty-two persons present at the meeting, at which Ray A. Murray presided.

In presenting its Christmas compliments to its friends by means of a handsomely printed card, the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company gives expression to the following sentiment: "We believe that no institution or business in America is doing in a practical way quite so much as life insurance to perpetuate Christmas cheer in the home." The card is one of the most tasteful issued by any insurance company.

Fairchild Gilmore Wilton Co.

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Exempt from State, County, City and Income Taxes. In buying from us you buy direct from the owner of the bonds.

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GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

IRWIN J. MUMA, newly elected president of the Life Underwriters' Association of Los Angeles, was host Monday at a luncheon at the Los Angeles Athletic Club for the 1915 executive committee and the 1916 executive committee-elect of that organization. The gathering, in addition to its social significance, was held in order that the incoming officers might be familiarized with the duties which they will assume early in the new year. A committee was appointed to arrange for the annual dinner of the association, which is to be held January 24. The committee is composed of Irwin J. Muma, Aetna; George A. Rathbun, Equitable; W. C. Shaw, Metropolitan; Walter R. Hoefflin, Connecticut Mutual; William McClelland, Equitable. The affair is to take the form of a dinner-dance and the 1916 officers will be formally installed. The place where the dinner will be held has not yet been selected.

There is a cat-and-dog fight on at the Pacific Mutual home office agency for the last two weeks of December. The agency force has been divided into opposing armies, the cats and the dogs, and each is endeavoring to write more business than the other in the last two weeks of 1915. The prize is to be a dinner and theater party, the expense of the entertainment to be borne by the losing army. Gen. R. A. Murray commands the Cats and has as subordinate officers Col. Thomas F. Cantwell, Major Francis H. Beckett, Capt. M. W. Ludden and Lieut. George E. Meyer. The officers of the Dogs are Gen. George L. Bogue, Col. F. L. Scarlett, Major Robert A. Brown, Capt. W. Calvin Maxwell and Lieut. Frank W. Clark. Already, the contest has become one of the most exciting ever held by the local agency of the Pacific Mutual.

Special insurance agents of Southern California have formed an informal association which plans to hold luncheons once every month when matters of interest to the fraternity may be discussed. At the December meeting the speakers were Adjuster Harry Smith, Special Agent E. A. Rowe and W. W. Hindman, attorney. Among others present were W. D. Whelan, C. A. Smith, M. Harris, George O. Hoadley, G. Mueller, Benj. K. Campbell, Theo. Schlosser, W. F. Kuhl, O. D. Baldwin, B. C. Fischer, E. B. Flack, Richard Loucks, A. C. McConnell, C. H. Gatchell, H. E. O'Brien, Charles F. E. Niemann, H. R. Jackson, Earl R. Holland and George H. Tyson.

Under new rates just made effective by the California Automobile Underwriters' Association jitneys and all rental cars are charged 1 per cent above the ordinary rate, instead of only one-half of one per cent, as in the past. Second hand cars also take a 1 per cent additional charge over scheduled rates and a minimum annual premium for fire, theft and transportation of \$10 must be charged. The new rates show a considerable reduction on all late models with the exception of the extremely low priced cars.

O. H. Beyer, who is resident manager in Los Angeles for the Aetna companies, has taken charge of the Aetna surety department here, over which R. F. Bennett, who recently resigned, had supervision. E. C. Smith, who has been acting as special agent for the surety department, has been placed in immediate charge of the business, under the direction of Mr. Beyer.

Voluntary bankruptcy was decided upon as the only way out of its troubles for the California Grant Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workman and a petition has been filed in San Francisco setting forth that the order has liabilities of \$327,827 and assets of cash on hand of \$252. The action was taken to comply with the orders of State Insurance Commissioner Phelps to get its financial affairs straightened out by January 1. Inability to secure \$330,000 said to be due the California Grand Lodge from the supreme lodge is given as a reason for the difficulties of the insurance organization, although the underlying reason is generally believed to have been the heavy death rate on account of the high age of the membership, and the shrinkage of membership which followed attempts to raise rates.

One hundred dollars have been contributed by the Life Underwriters' Association of Los Angeles to the fund for keeping the San Diego exposition open next year.

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For lengthy review in its department of Music and Drama, Current Opinion this month selected Oliver Morosco's production of Louis K. Anspacher's play "The Unchastened Woman," which was given its first production in Los Angeles last summer. The magazine in its consideration of current events gives especial attention to the effort to drive Prime Minister Asquith from power and to the plight of King Constantine of Greece and the efforts of his queen to aid her brother, the kaiser. There is the usual happy selection of comments upon developments in all fields of human endeavor.

"Christmas Trees," reproductions of half a dozen etchings made in evergreen groves of California by Ernest Haskell is a particularly beautiful feature of Sunset for December. "Australia, the Social Melting Pot" is given consideration in an article by Edward F. Adams. Pictures of the Exposition city of San Francisco, that is no more, add greatly to the charm of the current issue of the western magazine and there is the usual excellent collection of stories, western articles and verse.

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Arrive San Francisco 9:50 p. m.
5:00 p. m. Seashore Express
Arrive San Francisco 10:10 a. m.
8:00 p. m. The "Lark"
Arrive San Francisco 9:45 a. m.
10:15 p. m. San Francisco Passenger
Arrive San Francisco 1:00 p. m.

VALLEY LINE

THROUGH the "INLAND EMPIRE"
of CALIFORNIA

6:00 p. m. The "OWL"
Arrive San Francisco 8:50 a. m.
7:30 p. m. Number 49
Arrive San Francisco 1:10 p. m.
10:00 p. m. Number 7
Arrive San Francisco 7:50 p. m.

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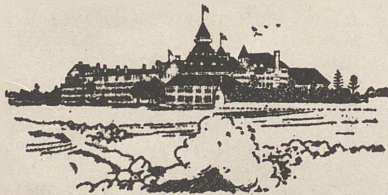
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COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLM CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits \$20,000,000.
FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.
MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.
CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Third and Spring	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000; Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.
HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth.	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$325,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.

NEW 1916 YEAR TWO GREAT EVENTS

NEITHER OF WHICH CONFLICTS
NEW YEAR EVE NEW YEAR DAY

AT AT
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DON'T MISS EITHER OF THEM

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Los Angeles Railway

Is Your Will Legal?

THE preparation of a legal will is the business of an experienced Trust Company. Our facilities in these matters are not excelled and competent legal advice is at your disposal when you consult the officials of our Trust department.

Wm. Rhodes Hervey,
Vice President

in charge of the Trust Dept.

**LOS ANGELES TRUST
AND SAVINGS BANK**

Sixth and Spring Streets

Hotel Del Monte Del Monte, Cal.

CALIFORNIA'S PREMIER RESORT

Open year round. Attractive Fall rates now in effect. Finest 18-Hole Golf Course in the West (6300 yards). Turf Greens. Turf Fairways.
California Championships Held Annually on Del Monte Course
Forty miles of private auto roads, through medieval forests of pine and cypress, including famous 17-mile drive; 126 acres of finest gardens and parks in the world.
Swimming Tennis Fishing Shooting Polo Golf Horseback Riding
Exclusive Art Gallery

Special rates to those remaining for an extended visit.

For literature and further information address

CARLOS S. STANLEY, Manager.



THE illustrations above have been carefully made from the garments concerned in these sales---yet they give but a poor idea of the style---the character---the unusualness of values concerned.



The Reputation of Bullock's "After Christmas Sales" of Suits, Coats and Dresses

---makes semi-superfluous any other than the announcement that they are to occur, as is customary, the Business Week between Christmas and New Years.

—The Character of Bullock's Previous Sales

—The Character of the Business itself

—The prevalence of Half Prices and very Low Prices on Quality Garments, and Style Garments that are of Selected Merit and Value at Regular Prices

should be sufficient argument for 1915's event.

—A few explanatory words may emphasize the importance of the Opportunity.



—These "After Christmas Sales" concern the distribution of Bullock's Winter Garments at prices that in many, many cases will be One Half Original Markings. Some even less than that.

—They concern special acquisitions of Quality Garments from manufacturers of sterling worth. These latter Garments are distinguished in Material, Fashion and Finishing, and show Spring tendencies. Yet for various reasons they have been secured so advantageously that they will go into these "After Christmas Sales" with such enthusiasm that "Half Worth" would not overstate the value of most of them.

—There will be suits that are remarkable for as little as \$12.50,—and others at \$14.75, \$17.50, \$19.75 and \$24.75. And all exclusive models at Half Price.

—There will be Dresses — irresistible at \$9.75,—and others at \$12.50, \$14.75, \$17.50, \$19.75 and \$24.75.

—and Coats for as little as \$7.50. Others at \$12.50, \$14.75, \$17.50, \$19.75 and \$24.75.

—The materials include Woolens of every good kind, Corduroys, Velvets and Silks.

—An event, the magnitude and magnetism of which it will be impossible for you to realize perfectly until you visit Bullock's third floor.

—Don't underestimate, but remember Bullock's "After Christmas Sales" and come.

The pictures at the right show some of the coats in these "After Christmas Sales"—Wonderful Values—

Bullock's
Broadway at Seventh

